







# METROPOLITAN RECORD.

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## King Solomon.\*

BY OWEN MEERDITE.

King Solomon stood, in his crown of gold,  
Between the pillars, before the altar  
In the House of the Lord. And the King was old,  
And his strength began to fail,  
So that he leaned on his ebony staff,  
Sea'd with the seal of the Pentagraph.  
All of the golden fretted work,  
Without and within so rich and so rare,  
As high as the nest of the building stork,  
Those pillars of cedar were—  
Wrought up to the brazen chapters  
Of the Sidonian artificers.  
And the King stood still as a carved king,  
The carved cedar beams below,  
In his purple robe, with his signet ring,  
And his beard as white as snow,  
And his face to the Oracle, where the hymn  
Dies under the wing of the Cherubim.  
The wings fold over the Oracle,  
And cover the heart and eyes of God:  
The Spouse with pomegranate, lily, and bell,  
Is glorious in her abode;  
For with gold of Ophir, and scent of myrrh,  
And purple of Tyre, the King cloth'd her.  
By the soul of each slumberous instrument  
Drawn soft thro' the musical misty air,  
The stream of the folk that came and went,  
For worship, and praise, and prayer,  
Flow'd to and fro, and up and down,  
And round the King in his golden crown.  
And it came to pass, as the King stood there,  
And look'd on the house he had built, with  
pride,  
That the Hand of the Lord came unawares,  
And touch'd him; so that he died,  
In his purple robe, with his signet ring,  
And the crown wherewith they had crowned him  
king.  
And the stream of the folk that came and went  
To worship the Lord with prayer and praise,  
Went softly ever, in wonderment,  
For the King stood there always;  
And it was solemn and strange to behold  
That dead King crown'd with a crown of gold.  
For he leaned on his ebony staff upright;  
And over his shoulders the purple robe;  
And his hair, and his beard, were both snow-  
white.  
And the fear of him fill'd the globe;  
So that none dared touch him, though he was  
dead,  
He look'd so royal about the head.  
And the moons were changed; and the years  
roll'd on;  
And the new king reign'd in the old king's stead;  
And men were married and buried anon;  
But the King still stood there, stark and dead;  
Leaning upright on his ebony staff;  
Preserved by the sign of the Pentagraph.  
And the stream of life, as it went and came,  
Ever for worship and praise and prayer,  
Was awed by the face, and the fear, and the fame  
Of the dead King standing there;  
For his hair was so white, and his eyes so cold,  
That they left him alone with his crown of gold.

\*My knowledge of the Rabbinical legend which suggested this Poem is one among the many debts I owe to my friend Robert Browning. I hope these lines may remind him of hours which his society rendered precious and delightful to me, and which are among the most pleasant memories of my life.

## THE CONSCRIPT.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CONTINUED.

No one answered these remarks as Kate took a wheelbarrow which stood outside the door and departed toward the field. As soon as she reached a screening grove of young oaks, the peasant-girl sat down on the wheelbarrow, and with trembling hand drew the letter from her bosom and read as follows:

"Karel has written this letter as well as the other, but I have told him every word that he was to put in it.

"Kate: I don't write it to mother, because it is too dreadful. Kate, I am blind—blind for life! Both my eyes are gone. I cannot speak of this great affliction, but I shall never see you again in the world, nor my mother, nor my grandfather, nor any of those whom I loved so much. I know I shall die!

"Since I have been blind, Kate, you always seem to be before me, and that is the only thing that keeps me alive; yet I

ought never to think of it again, nor ought you. Ah! my dear love, go to the fair, as if old, and do not stay away on my account; for, if you were to become sad because I am afflicted, my cup of misery would be full. I have written this for you alone, Kate, so that you may break it by degrees to my poor mother. For God's sake, Kate, don't let her hear of it in any other way.

"Till death, your unhappy John."  
Hardly had poor Kate read the last line of this appalling letter, when a deadly paleness came over her face, her arms fell at her sides, her eyes closed, and her head fell back on the wheelbarrow. There she lay in a profound stupor!

A gentle breeze came over the heath, sighing through the oaks and shaking their foliage; the bees hummed softly at her ear; the lark sprang up to the sky and sang his thrilling song; farther in the distance the cry of the grasshopper was ever heard; but nothing broke the silence for poor Kate—nothing roused her from her mortal swoon. The sun followed his course in the heavens till his burning rays pierced the trees and shone full on the maiden's face; but it was not until then that the stagnant blood seemed to resume its wonted action in her veins.

She lifted her head and stared around with surprise, like a suddenly-awakened sleeper whose consciousness had not yet entirely returned. But the open letter lying at her feet soon brought the frightful catastrophe to her apprehension; and, seizing the fatal paper, she buried it in her bosom, and fell into profound meditation. How long she remained transfixed with sorrow I know not, but at length she arose, drove her barrow hastily into the field, where she partly tore, partly cut, the lucern-grass till she filled the vehicle. Then, regaining the cottages as quickly as she could, she threw the fodder to the cattle and ran into the house.

"To-morrow morning at daylight," exclaimed she, abruptly, on entering, "I set out to see John!"

"Oh, my child!" cried his mother, "he's at the other end of the world! What an idea that is! You won't find him in a year!"

"I'm going to John, I tell you!" repeated Kate, in a decided tone. "I would find him were he a hundred leagues off! The clerk of our district will tell me how I can reach him!"

The conscript's mother clasped her hands, and with an appealing voice, rushed to the maiden, sobbing.

"Oh, Kate! dear angel! will you do that for my child? I will bless you to my dying hour!"

"Do it?" exclaimed Kate, with the proud eye of noble resolution; "do it?—the king himself couldn't prevent me! I'll see John and nurse him, or I'll die in the effort!"

"Oh, thanks! thanks! a thousand thanks!" exclaimed the sufferer's mother, as she strained the generous girl to her bosom, and poured forth the tears of love and gratitude.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was scarcely seven in the morning—but the warmth was already great, for the sun was shining high in a cloudless sky—when a young peasant girl might have been seen walking rapidly along a road not very far from the charming banks of the Meuse. Her dress indicated that she was a stranger, for the Limbourg women do not wear either lace caps with long flaps, nor straw hats of the fashion of hers. She carried her shoes in her hand, and walked barefooted, while the perspiration streamed in large drops from her heated brow. Though the wayfarer was evidently almost worn

out with fatigue, she marched along with her eyes eagerly and joyously fixed on the distant towers of Venloo, where her weary and anxious journey was to end.

For four days poor Kate had been wandering, inquiring, losing her way and finding it again. She hardly allowed herself time for food or rest; but God and her stout constitution sustained her. At length she had found the place where her lover was suffering, afar from his friends, and her heart leaped with delight and impatience. Had she wings, she would fly like lightning toward those towers, on whose shining roofs the sun glittered as on mirrors.

Kate continued her journey with increasing speed, till the fortifications of Venloo rose distinctly before her. Here she stopped a moment to put on her shoes, wipe the dust from her dress, and arrange it before she entered the fortress.

A short distance outside of the ramparts she saw a soldier, with his musket on his shoulder, marching up and down before one of the barriers. She looked at the sentinel with a friendly smile, but the sturdy soldier returned the glance with forbidding indifference. Nevertheless, she approached boldly, and addressed him in a gentle and polite manner.

"Friend, can you tell me where I will find John Braems? He is a soldier here."

The sentinel happened to be a Walloon, from the province of Liege, and growled out, "I don't understand you," as he turned to call the corporal of the guard. The latter personage instantly came forth from the guard-house, and was respectfully saluted by poor Kate.

"Will you tell me, Mister officer," said she, "where I can find John Braems?"

The corporal seemed disappointed, and, turning to the guard-house, cried out, in the Hainault patois—

"Come here, you Fleming! You can make a pint of beer, perhaps, out of this girl!"

A young soldier thereupon sprang from the camp-bed in the guard-house, rubbing his eyes like one not fully aroused from heavy sleep; but, as he got awake and saw the maiden, his expression of displeasure disappeared.

"Well, my girl, what do you want?" said the Fleming, as he approached.

"I have come here to see John Braems," answered Kate. "Can you tell me where he is?"

"John Braems! I never heard that name."

"Nevertheless he is a soldier in the Belgian service, like yourself."

"That may be; but is he in the cavalry or infantry?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Kate.

"I ask whether he is a soldier who goes on horseback, or a soldier who walks afoot?"

"I can't say; but I know he is a soldier in the *Green Chasseurs*. Are they not in this city?"

"Then I'm not surprised I don't know him; we belong to the Ninth."

While this chat was going on, the corporal and three or four other soldiers, with the sentinel himself, had gathered in a group around Kate. Poor innocent girl! she did not understand why they stared so hard in her face, and laughed and joked each other in Walloon. Still, after a while she became a little annoyed, and said to the Fleming, in a voice of earnest entreaty—

"Oh, my friend! do show me the way; I am in a hurry!"

The soldier kindly pointed to the entrance, and went on immediately with the direction:—

"Pass the gate," said he; "take the first

street to the right, then to the left; then again turn to the left, and proceed onward to the right behind a large house in which there is a store; after going on a while, you must turn again to the left, and so you will find yourself in the market-place. Then ask for the barrack of the Second Chasseurs, and the first child you meet will point it out."

This rigmorale of left and right and right and left bewildered the poor wanderer to such a degree that she did not know what to say or do, but stood gaping at the speaker like one who could not tell whether the soldier was quizzing or in earnest. She was about requesting him to be a little more explicit, when the sentinel bawled out, in a loud voice,—

"To arms!"

All ran to the guard-house rapidly for their muskets, while the Fleming said hurriedly to Kate—

"Be off! be off as quick as you can, my girl, or we'll all be sent to the lock-up! There's the commandant."

Kate did not wait to be told twice; for, near the city gate, she saw a mounted officer, with formidable moustaches, who to her eyes seemed dressed like a king. He looked at the poor girl as if he would have swallowed her, for he was excited by seeing his soldiers gossiping with a woman. However, he passed on in silence; but she heard him break out in abuse of the soldiers as she disappeared within the gates.

After much difficulty, she found the "market-place" which was all that she could recollect of the direction she had received outside. She saw a number of soldiers in various uniforms walking about the spot; but, as her adventures at the guard-house caused her to be more circumspect, she determined to make her first inquiry of a woman.

"Can you speak Flemish, madam?" inquired she of a respectably dressed female.

"Of course."

"Will you have the kindness to tell me where the *Chasseurs* are?"

"Certainly! Turn that corner, and follow the street to its end, and you will come to their barrack."

At the end of her walk she easily distinguished the barrack, not only by the number of soldiers who were entering and departing, but by the roll of drums within. Smiling with joy, she walked straight to the door, which she was about passing, when the sentinel shouted, roughly—

"Halt! back! you can't go in!"

Kate had one foot already across the sill as he pushed her back rudely with the butt of his musket.

"But, my friend," said she, anxiously, "I want to speak to a soldier. What must I do?"

"What battalion and company?" asked the sentinel, harshly.

"Really, I don't know," answered the girl despondingly.

"Wait half an hour," answered the guard; "in a minute the drum will beat for dinner, and afterwards there is the *top* for exercise. You will then see all the men come out of the barracks, and, if your eyes are good, you'll find the man you are looking for. In the mean time, go and drink a glass of beer at the Falcon, and let me alone; for I see the adjutant looking at us down yonder."

The sentinel marched off, leaving Kate stupefied and open-mouthed. He struck the butt end of his musket with his right hand, threw his head back like a soldier, and began walking backward and forward without deigning to cast a look at the intruder.

Kate stood aghast for a while in a sort of reverie, endeavouring to comprehend



how it could possibly be wrong for any one to show a stranger the way. She thought, however, that half an hour was not a very long time to wait. When the *chasseurs* were about to come out, she would place herself beside the door-way, and not one of them, she was sure, would escape her inspection; she would see and recognise John unquestionably. But, alas! just at that moment, the thought flashed across her mind that it was not very likely a blind man would be mustered with the healthy. And yet, what did she know of matters here, where every thing was so odd? Still in doubt, she resolved to take the sentinel's advice, and walked slowly over to the Falcon, where, with a blush, she asked for a glass of beer and shrunk off to an obscure table in a corner.

Eight or ten soldiers were in the room, standing up around the counter, discussing military affairs and their liquor. As soon as Kate entered the *estaminet*, the men began to eye and exchange jokes about her; but, as she understood neither French nor Walloon, their conversation was altogether a blank to her.

The group appeared to be composed of good fellows, with the exception of one, who was older than the rest and spoke with an air of authority. He wore long buckskin gloves; the buttons on his breast shone like gold; a military cap was cocked over his left ear; his shining moustaches were stiffened and expanded with wax; and he took a haughty posture, with his body thrown back and his hand on his hip, as if bidding perpetual defiance to all mankind.

The bad opinion which Kate conceived of this man at the first look was not based on his air and attitude, but upon the insolent stare before which her innocent eyes fell to the earth. Nor did she conceal her displeasure at his impudence, but suffered the arrogant *chasseur* to read her feelings in an indignant glance. While they were looking at each other in this way, the barmaid brought the beer to Kate; and at the same moment a young soldier, of gentlemanly appearance and address, approached, glass in hand, and touching her can with his tumbler, said, in the Campinois dialect,—

"Let us drink together, my young friend. I suppose you are from somewhere about Antwerp?"

"No; I am from the neighborhood of St. Antoine of Schilde or of Magerhalle, at your service."

"And I am a Wechel boy; so you see we are country-folks!"

A pleasant smile lighted Kate's face, as if she had found a brother. But, while this conversation was passing, the other *chasseurs* approached her table, some sitting, some standing, and among them the impudent soldier had taken the liberty to seat himself so close to Kate as almost to touch her. This familiarity of course disgusted the poor lass, so that, with a blush, she touched the kindly hand of the *chasseur* who had saluted her politely, and begged him to remain beside her.

"I fear that Walloon, sir. Whom does he take me for?"

"Bah! bah!" answered the other; "he's a fool! Let him touch you if he dares, and he'll have my fist in his moustaches, even if he is a fencing master!"

Reassured by this language, Kate turned to the Walloon, and politely asked him to sit at a greater distance.

"What do you think of me, sir? Do you take me for a good-for-nothing person?"

The fencing-master burst out laughing; but he drew back his settle, while he continued making fun of her in a style and language which, fortunately, Kate could not understand.

"Tell me your name, friend," said the maiden to her protector; "I long to know it."

"Caers."

"Frank Caers? How people meet in this world! Only think; it's not more than a fortnight since we sold our calf to your father! It was a beautiful little spot-

ted calf; and I have the money he paid us still in my pocket!"

"And how is my father?—well?"

"Very well! he's a man like an oak; and now I remember he told me you were a soldier. Don't you know our John?"

"What's his other name?"

"Braems."

"Of course! Why shouldn't I know John Braems? he belongs to our company. We always went out together till he began to suffer with his eyes."

Kate seized both of the soldier's hands, as she answered,—

"Thank God, my friend that I came into this tavern! You will show me how I can get sight of John, won't you? The young men from our part of the country are all so clever!"

"Certainly; I will show you the way to the hospital. You know he is blind?"

"Alas yes," said Kate, with a heavy sigh; "but, is it true, then? We have grieved so much about it."

The soldiers had noticed the apparent intimacy between their comrade and Kate with a considerable degree of jealousy; the fencing-master especially wriggled about on his bench and gesticulated violently, till at length he came quite close to the girl, and when she least thought of such a movement, put his hand under her chin and patted her cheek.

Her Flemish friend was on his feet in a moment, exploding with rage; but Kate, whose face was purple with indignation, rose with a spring and boxed the fencing-master's ears so soundly that his head whirled under the well directed blow.

As soon as the Walloon came to his senses, the *estaminet* was a scene of wild confusion. He seized a can, and was about to throw it at the peasant girl's head, when the young and stouter Fleming seized him by the throat and tore the vessel from his grasp. The other soldiers thereupon interfered, and separating the combatants, reminded them that military folks should never come to fistfights, but must settle their quarrels by the sword alone.

In the midst of the hurly-burly a roll of drums was suddenly heard from the barracks.

"Soup! soup!" exclaimed all the soldiers who were not mixed up in the dispute, and, leaving the others, rushed from the tavern. As the fencing-master followed his companions, he muttered something between his teeth, of which all that could be distinguished was, "At five o'clock I shall expect you on the field!"

"I shall be there, ruffian!" answered the enraged Fleming, with a mocking laugh, as the Walloon strode forth.

"Oh! wretched woman that I am!" cried poor Kate, when she found herself alone with her protector. "Is it all over?"

"Over!" ejaculated the Fleming; "I shall have to fight that fire-eater with swords this afternoon."

"And on my account?" exclaimed the poor girl, growing pale and trembling in every limb.

"Don't be alarmed at that, my girl; it's only a joke; he'll end it by proposing to drink. It's a way that Walloon has of getting his gin when his pay is stopped. It happens to him twice a week regularly, and everybody knows his tricks. Let us be off, and I'll show you the infirmary where John Braems is confined."

Kate paid for her beer and left the *estaminet* with the soldier, who walked beside her through two or three streets, and then bade her farewell.

"Do you see the soldier yonder?" said he, "seated on the bench at the door of a large house? Well, that's the infirmary. You must speak to that soldier. He'll let you in if possible. A safe journey home to you, my girl; and give my compliments to my father, if you happen to see him."

"Thanks! thanks! a thousand thanks, my good, good friend!" answered Kate, overflowing with gratitude, as she left him and walked off toward the infirmary and its guard.

As soon as the maiden found herself

alone, a sad inquietude again took possession of her soul, and she was hardly able to utter a word when she approached the bench. Still, as she got nearer and nearer to the infirmary, a ray of joy seemed to lighten her countenance, for she thought she recognized the soldier on watch. In truth, when she was within two paces of him she pronounced his name. It was Kobe, the son of Baptist the gardener—the same Kobe whose elevation to the dignity of corporal John had announced in his letter, and there he was, seated at the door as porter of the premises!

He recognized Kate instantly, and springing from his bench, advanced to her with joy in every feature, pouring forth a multitude of inquiries.

"Is that really you, dear Kate? What happiness to see you! How do they get on in our village? Has mothergot well? How is Charlotte Verbaets? Do they know down there that I've been made corporal? What did Charlotte say when they told her?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**NOBLE CONDUCT.**—M. Dugar, provost of the merchants in the city of Lyons, was a man remarkable for the strict and impartial administration of justice. The bakers flattered themselves that they could prevail upon him to be their friend, at the expense of the public. They waited upon him in a body, and begged leave to raise the price of bread. He told them that he would examine their petition and give them an answer very soon; before they left the room they contrived slyly to drop a purse of two hundred louis d'ors on the table. They soon called upon the magistrate for an answer, not in the least doubting but the money had pleaded their cause. "Gentlemen," said M. Dugar, "I have weighed your reasons in the balance of justice, and I find them light. I do not think the people ought to suffer under a pretense of the dearth of corn, which I know to be ill-founded. As to the purse of money which you left with me, I am certain that I have made such a generous and noble use of it, as you yourselves intended; I have distributed it among the poor objects of charity in our hospitals; as you are *opulent enough* to make such large donations, I cannot possibly think you can incur any loss in your business, and I shall therefore continue the price of bread as it was before I received your petition."

**STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.**—Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute, and therefore, 3,840 in an hour—92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked, that size and construction seem to have little influence; nor has comparative strength, although one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sleth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a laybird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours.

**DEFENSE OF THE GOOSE.**—It is a great lie to accuse a goose of being a silly bird. Even a tame goose shows much instinct and attachment; and were its habits more closely observed, the tame goose would be found to be by no means wanting in general cleverness. Its watchfulness at night-time is, and always has been, proverbial; and it certainly is endowed with an organ of self-preservation. You may drive over dog, cat, or hen, or pig; but I defy you to run over a tame goose. As for wild geese, I know of no animal, biped or quadruped, that is so difficult to deceive or approach. Their senses of hearing, seeing and smelling, are all extremely acute; inde-

pently of which they appear to act in so organized and cautious a manner when feeling or roosting, as to defy all danger. Many a time has my utmost caution been of no avail in attempting to approach these birds; either a careless step on a piece of gravel, or an eddy of wind, however light, or letting them perceive the smallest portion of my person, has rendered useless whole hours of manœuvring.

**USE OF THE EARTHWORM.**—The utility of the earthworm has but too much been overlooked, and yet that utility is very great. It aids in the accumulation and fertilization of the soil in pasture lands, and this to so great an extent that it has been asserted that cinchers and other substances which had been thrown on the surface of grass lands had sunk to a considerable depth in the soil, and had been buried three inches deep, and this owing to the digestive powers of the earthworm. In fact, the little depositions of earth, under the designation of "worm-castings," had, in process of time, produced a rich substratum of soil, highly advantageous to grass lands, while its runs enable the rain to percolate under the roots of the grass.

**WELSH JAWBREAKERS.**—*Llan* was originally the Welsh for a church or a chapel; but, in process of time, *Capel* became the distinguishing denomination of the last. The names of many Welsh places are compounded of these. It would break our jaws, if not our hearts, to utter them; and, indeed, we find a number of the saints themselves so christened that we never could have invoked them by name; such, for instance as Glywys Corinw, Gwrkdelw Gwryfw, Gwrtwl Rhwydrys, Cynflyn Drwgl, and the like; whom one might honor, but upon whom, in the hour of need, it would be impossible to call; and we must therefore simply say, that there they are invincible in the united efforts of throat, palate, tongue, teeth, and lips.

**DECISION OF CHARACTER.**—There is a certain constitution of mind, which, of all others, is the most likely to make our fortunes if combined with talent, or to mar them without it; for the errors of such minds are few but fatal. I allude to those characters who have a kind of mathematical decision about them, which dictates that a straight line is the shortest distance between any two points, and that small bodies with velocity have a greater momentum than large masses *without it*. Thus, they would rather use a cannon ball than a *battering ram*. With such minds, to resolve and to act is instantaneous; they seem to precede the march of time—to foresee events in the chrysalis of their causes—and to seize that moment for execution which others waste in deliberation.

**AFFECTATION OF SCARCITY.**—There are some who affect a want of affection, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who thought them capable of revenge; they are so satisfied of the suavity of their own temper that they would quarrel with their dearest benefactor only for doubting it. And yet so very blind are all their acquaintances to these their numerous qualifications and merits, that the possessors of them invariably discover, when it is too late, that they have lived in the world without a single friend, and are about to leave it without a single mourner.

**LENGTH OF DAYS.**—At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen and a half hours. At Stockholm and Upsal, the longest has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five and a half. At Hamburg, Dantzic and Stettin, the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven. At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk, the longest has nineteen, and the shortest five hours. At Torneo, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two and a half. At Wandorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July, without interruption; and in Spitzbergen, the longest lasts three months and a half.

**ALLOYS.**—An alloy of tin and copper resembles silver, if the copper only amounts to about ten per cent. Common German silver is composed of nickel 1 part, zinc 1, and copper 1. A very white, hard German silver is composed of iron 1 part, nickel 10, and copper 20. Melt the iron and copper first, then add the nickel, and zinc last. You can silver brass or copper with a galvanic battery, and a cyanide of silver solution.



## Ad Amicos.

[Addressed to the graduating class of '99, of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.]

Adieu! adieu!—before we sever,  
My cherished comrades, tried and true;  
We part for years—perchance forever,  
Then once again, a kind adieu!

My heart throbs in a wild fierce flutter,  
And reels my brain with fancies new;  
My cherished comrades, tried and true;  
I bid you all, a last adieu!

Adieu!—The last sad word is spoken,  
My brightest dreams of youth are o'er;  
My fairest fancies of hope lie broken,  
Away,—they now can bloom no more.

A sickly, lonely, dreary feeling,  
Oppresses with its weight of woe;  
Whist busy memories o'er me stealing,  
In tones of sadness whisper low.

They tell me of each toil and pastime,  
And sacred haunts my boyhood knew;  
The pleasant sport,—the pleasant class-time  
When many an hour delighted flew.

They tell of rambles in the wild-wood,  
The plunge beneath the placid wave;  
They tell of him whose guileless childhood  
Found rest within yon flower-decked grave.

They tell of transient cars or sadness  
That sped like Summer cloud away;  
Of trials, triumphs, griefs and gladness,  
Of hopes that make the heart beat gay.

'Tis thus fond memory loves to treasure  
The glories of life's sunny hours.  
Thus fancies bright with eager pleasure,  
Delights to nurse its choicest flowers.

And though the flower be storm-invaded,  
Its beauty marred, that once could thrill.  
Spurn not the relic, broken, faded,  
Its fragrance lingers round it still.

Yes, yes in sooth,—those memories older  
Bring back each scene, each hallowed place;  
They paint again each vision golden,  
They hush each "old familiar face."

I miss them now—those honest faces,  
Beaming with their kindly smile;  
Around me others have ta'en their places,  
Smoothed with dark deceit and guile.

I miss them now!—their smiles so cheery  
Like garlands felt my path along,  
But ah! few smiles, when sad or weary,  
One meets with from the worldly throng.

No more, my friends, when gladly meeting,  
In hearty grasp our hands will twine;  
No longer now, in cordial greeting,  
True heart-felt wishes blend with mine.

No longer now we'll sport together  
In playful game or mimic fray,  
Nor lightly bound across the heather,  
Nor blithely brush the dew away.

No more we'll con the glowing pages  
Of orator or bard sublime,  
No more discuss the subtle sagas  
Whore flourished in the olden time.

No more we'll stalk with art mimetic  
Where "lofty scenes" we "acted o'er,"  
And each one smiled, or thrilled pathetic,  
As Falstaff joked, or Hotspur swore.

And if not now our prayers are blending,  
As lowly sinks the reverent knee,  
For you each zephyr heavenward bending  
Shall waft a kindly prayer from me.

July 12, 1899. McC.

\*We regret that we are unable to present our readers with a report of the commencement of St. John's College, which, however will appear in full in the next number of The Escop.

## THE DAISY.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Now listen! Out in the country, close to the roadside, is a country-house. I am sure you have often seen it; in front there is a little flower-garden, and white palisades with the points painted green. Close by, in a ditch, amid the most beautiful grass, grew a little daisy; the sun shone on it just as bright and warm as on the splendid flowers in the garden, and so each hour it grew in strength and beauty. One morning, there it stood full blown, with its tender white glistening leaves, which encircled the little yellow sun in the middle like rays. That in the grass it was seen by no one, it never thought about—it was so contented! It turned towards the warm sun, gazed upon it, and listened to the lark that was singing in the air.

The little daisy was so happy! as happy as though it had been a great holiday; and yet it was only a Monday. The children were in school, and while they sat there on their forms and learned, the little flower sat on its green stem, and also learned, from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is; and it was just as if the lark uttered all this beautifully and distinctly, while the other felt in silence.

And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird that could sing and fly, but it was not dejected at being itself unable to do so. "Do I not hear and see?" thought she; "the sun shines on me, and the breeze kisses me—oh what rich gifts do I enjoy!"

Within the palisading stood many stiff, stately flowers; the less fragrance they had, the higher they held their heads. The peonies puffed themselves up, in order to be larger than the roses, but it is not always the size that will avail anything. The tulips were of the most beautiful colors; they knew that very well, and held themselves as straight as an arrow, so that they might be seen still better. They did not deign to cast a look on the little flower without; but the flower looked at them so much the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful those are! Yes, the beautiful bird certainly flies down to them—they he surely visits! What happiness to have a place so near, whence I can see all this splendor!" And just as it was thinking so, *squirrel!* there came the lark from on high; but it did not go to the peonies or tulips; no, but down in the grass to the poor daisy, that for pure joy was so frightened that it did not even know what it should think.

The little bird hopped about in the grass and sang: "Well, how soft the grass is! and only look what a sweet little flower, with a golden heart, and with a robe of silver!" The yellow spot in the daisy looked really just like gold, and the little leaves around shone as white as silver.

How happy the little daisy was! no one could believe it. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up in the blue air. It was certainly a whole quarter of an hour before the daisy came to herself again. Half ashamed, and yet so glad at heart, she looked at the flowers over in the garden; they had beheld the honor and the happiness that had befallen her; they would surely comprehend her joy. But there stood the tulips as stiff again as before, looking quite prim, and they were, too, quite red in the face; for they were vexed. But the peonies looked so thick-headed! Ah, it was a good thing they could not speak, otherwise the daisy would have heard a fine speech. The poor little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humor, and she was heartily sorry for it. At this moment a maiden came into the garden with a knife, sharp and polished; she went among the tulips, and cut off one after the other.

"Ah!" sighed the little daisy, "this is really terrible; now it is all over with them." Then the girl with the tulips went away. The daisy was glad that it was standing out there in the grass, and was but a poor little flower; it was quite thankful. And when the sun set, it folded its leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed the whole night of the sun and the beautiful bird.

On the following morning, when the flower, fresh and joyful, again stretched out its white leaves, like little arms, into the light air, she recognized the voice of the bird; but what he sung was so melancholy! Yes, the poor lark had good reason to be; he had been taken prisoner, and was now sitting in a cage, close to an open window. He sang of the joy of being able to fly about in freedom—sang of the young green corn in the field, and of the beautiful journeyings on his wings high up in the free air. The poor bird was not cheerful; there he sat a prisoner in a narrow cage.

The little daisy would so gladly have helped him; but how to begin, yes, that was the difficulty. It forgot entirely how beautiful all around was, how warm the sun shone, how beautifully white its leaves glistened—oh! it could only think on the imprisoned bird, for whom it was incapable of doing anything.

Then suddenly there came two little boys out of the garden, and one of them had a knife in his hand, large and sharp, like that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They came straight towards the lit-

tle daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

"Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark," said one of the boys, and he began to cut out a square all round the daisy, so that the flower stood in the very middle of it.

"Pull up the flower," said one boy, and the daisy trembled for very fear; for to be pulled up, why, that was to die, and it wished to live, as it was to be put with the turf into the cage of the imprisoned lark.

"No, let it stay," said the other; "it looks so pretty." And so it remained, and was put into the cage with the lark.

But the poor bird bewailed loudly its lost freedom, and fluttered against the iron wires of the cage. The little flower could not speak, could not say one consoling word to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole forenoon.

"There is no water," said the imprisoned lark; "they are all gone out, and have forgotten me. Not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! within me is fire and ice, and the air is so heavy! Oh, I shall die; I leave the warm sunshine, and the fresh verdure, and all the beauty that God has created!" And saying these words, he pressed his beak into the cool piece of turf to refresh himself a little; and his eye fell on the daisy, and the bird nodded to it, and kissed it, and said, "You must wither here, you poor little flower; you and the green turf here have been given me instead of the whole world, which I had without! Every little blade of grass must be to me as a green tree; every one of your white leaves a fragrant flower. Ah, you only tell me how much I have lost!"

"What can I do to comfort him?" thought the little flower, but she could not move a leaf; yet the fragrance which streamed from her delicate leaves was much stronger than is usual with this flower. The bird observed this; and although he was dying of thirst, and crushed the green blade in his suffering, yet he did not even touch the little daisy.

It was evening, and no one came as yet to bring the poor bird a drop of water; he stretched out his delicate wings, and fluttered convulsively; his song was a complaining chirp. His little head bowed down towards the daisy, and the heart of the bird broke for want and longing.

Then the flower was not able, as on the evening before, to fold its leaves together and sleep; it bowed down ill and sorrowful to the earth.

It was not until the next morning that the boys came back; and when they saw that the bird was dead, they wept many tears, and dug a pretty grave, which they decked with flowers. The dead body of the bird was put in a beautiful red paper box; he was to be buried royally—the poor bird! While he lived and sang, they forgot him, let him sit in a cage and suffer want; now they showed him great honor, and lamented him.

But the bit of turf with the daisy was thrown to the street; no one thought of her, who, however, had felt most for the little bird, and had wished so much to comfort him.

NEW CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL'S, THIRTY-SECOND STREET AND NINTH AVENUE.—The new church of St. Michael's which is now in course of erection, promises to be one of the handsomest edifices of the kind in the city. In our next number we shall give a full and detailed description of the building, and some interesting incidents and particulars connected with the early church history of this part of our Metropolis.

SAUCE.—Those of our readers who are in want of this very essential requisite for the table, will do well to look at the advertisement of the Worcestershire Sauce in another column. It is to be had at the office of the importer, Jonathan Jones, 46 Broad street, New York.

THE HAIR TRADE.—Human hair, when ready to be used in wigs, is worth between 80s. and 24 per pound. Germany supplies the world with blond hair. London only buys 10,000 pounds of hair annually.

## Georgetown College Commencement.

The annual Commencement of the Georgetown College for the year 1899, took place July 6, at 9 o'clock, in the large hall in the college, which was filled to its utmost capacity, two thousand persons being present. A large number were ladies, whose presence gave much enthusiasm to the scene.

The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, with wreaths, festoons, flowers, and flags. The stage, at the back of which two American ensigns were handsomely displayed, was occupied by the faculty and the graduating class, together with distinguished visitors.

The President, Dr. Early, presided, assisted by Rev. Father Fulton, Prefect of Studies. The music was by the Marine Band. The order of exercises was as follows:

French Revolution of '98, by James O. Martin.

Ode to Louisiana, by Chas. G. Andry. Battle of Hastings by R. Y. Brown. The Bridge of Lodi, by H. S. Foote. The Jew, by J. F. Dooley.

Classics, by F. X. Ward. Party Spirit by John B. Gardiner. Coriolanus, by Joseph P. Orme. History, by Clement S. Lancaster. Dialogue on Woman's Rights, by John E. Dooley and Edward G. Chupin.

Mary, Queen of Scots, by James F. McLaughlin.

Law and its Relations to our Country, by R. F. Lovelace.

Battle of Fort Moultrie, by J. F. Marion. Valedictory by James P. Neale.

The President of the United States then entered the hall, about noon, and was received by the President of the College Faculty, and welcomed by the student body. The assembled audience. The band performed Hail to the Chief.

After the valedictory, President Buchanan ascended the platform amid renewed and enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the hall, and proceeded to present the diplomas to the different gentlemen upon whom degrees were conferred.

The degree of LL.D. was conferred on Alexander Dimity and Geo. W. Watterston of Louisiana, and Augustin Jose Morales, New York.

The degree of A. M. was conferred on Wm. K. Willis of Maryland, Robert Ray, of La. Robert C. Combs of Md., John Buckleman of Ohio, and Daniel G. Major, California.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on John P. Marshall, of Maryland; Robert Lovelace, La.; Benj. Sheckel, District of Columbia; Jas. P. Neale, Md.; Jas. O. Martin, La.; John B. Gardiner, Md.; Francis X. Ward, Md.; C. S. Lancaster, Penn.; and Peter S. Brand, La.

The degree of B. S. was conferred on the following students of the College of the Holy Cross, near Worcester, Massachusetts: Chas. Stone and James Tracy, of Mass.

Beautiful silver medals were also awarded to students having distinguished themselves in their respective classes: Mental Philosophy, John P. Marshall, Md.; Natural Philosophy, John P. Marshall, Md.; Chemistry, John P. Marshall, Md.; Rhetoric, Jas. H. Dooley, Va. Poetry, F. P. B. Sullen, D. C. First Humanities, Whitfield Mullens, Va. Second Humanities, Frank Rudd, Va. First division, second class, do. Danl. A. Casserly, N. Y.; second div. do. do. H. G. Hildeman, Ga. Third class, Wilson A. Wilson, Pa. First Mathematics, F. P. Blairlands, D. C.; second do. H. S. Foote Cal. Third class Humanities, D. E. Casserly, N. Y. Algebra, John Domas, Cuba. Arithmetic, Ed. H. Birdsall, Texas; second div. W. P. Matthews, Va.; second class, Jesse W. Ross La.; third class, J. C. Wainley, Va. Book-keeping, Thos. Gault, Md.; French, H. Crantz, La.; D. Carroll, Md.; T. J. Murray, Va.; Francis H. Sabal, Fla.; Jas. T. Sotheron, D. C. Spanish, Gabriel A. Fournet, La.; Chas. G. Audry, La. German, premium to T. A. Lambert, D. C. Elements, W. C. Brent, D. C. Christian Doctrine, F. P. Blair Sands, D. C.; Dennis Kelly, Va. Writing, James K. Forest, D. C.

After the discharge of these duties, the students in their great dining hall, and the Faculty and their visiting friends in the refectory, discussed the substantialities and delicacies of the table, with those concomitants of sparkling wit, humor and *bon mots* as well remembered by all who have enjoyed the pleasure of sitting at college table. Rev. Dr. Early, President of the College, presided; Rev. B. Maguire, ex-President, was near him, and Dr. Alexander Dimity supported the President during the prandial exercises. Besides the literary Faculty, the Medical Department of the college was represented by Drs. Noble Young, Lieberman, Eliot and Antisell.

The number of students of the college during the past year was 317, and of the Medical Department, 34—making 351 in all. The societies which belong to the college are the Greek Academy, the Philological Society, the Philomusical Society, the Philatristian Society, the Dramatic, Philharmonic, and the Reading Room Association. The college library contains 24,000 volumes, a good philosophical apparatus, a museum of natural specimens, coins, &c., and a well-appointed observatory.

On the whole, this Commencement was one of the most successful which has been held for years.



# COMBATS WITH WILD BEASTS.

## A BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

In the year 1822, while resident in Madrid, I had frequent opportunities of seeing those savage exhibitions, the bull-fights, of which the Spaniards, notwithstanding their partial regeneration, still continue to be passionately fond. For their own sake, such spectacles are not worthy of description, but they serve as records of national manners, to be contrasted with something better in our own country, and I will venture to depict one of the exhibitions at which I chose to be present:—

The place of the spectacle was at the amphitheatre, situated beyond the Puerta del Sol, one of the outlets from the city. The edifice is formed of wood, of a circular form, having no roof, and seated quite round, except at the place where the bulls are kept; these seats are somewhat like pews, those for the people of the highest rank being nearest the top of the building. The place in which the bulls are kept is a cellar under ground, whence the ascent to the arena is by a dark passage, with two doors, one at the end of the passage, and the other opening on the arena; and these doors, at the entrance of the bull, are opened in such a manner as completely to cover their persons.

Several days before the exhibition takes place, the bulls are confined in the cellar; and during the interval, are occasionally soundly whipped, in order that they may be rendered still more ferocious than they might otherwise be. Bulls for this purpose, at Madrid, generally come from the wilds between La Sierra Morena (the Black Mountain) and La Mancha.

On the day spoken of, the King, the court, all the grandes, and their ladies, were present, so that a most favorable opportunity was afforded me of seeing whatever Madrid boasted of beauty, rank and fashion, more especially as my seat was in the very highest row. The first *palcos* (boxes) were adorned by some of the handsomest dark-eyed ladies that could be seen in Spain, their rich *baquianes* and mantillas (a particular dress of Spanish ladies) being worn with infinite grace. An immense deal of ceremony takes place before the real business of the day commences. Exactly opposite the door at which the bull enters, the King is placed, and of course the highest is allotted for the purpose. Should the King be absent, the highest in authority, whether civil or military, takes his place. Civil officers are appointed to give orders to those having charge of the bull. The principal magistrate, attended by two *alcaldes* (inferior officers of justice), having ascertained that every thing is ready, comes forward in front of the box occupied by the authorities, and, after a formal salutation, requests leave to proceed with the entertainment. This being accorded him, he goes out of the ring, and gives the signal; immediately the two folding-doors fly open, and a bull rushes furiously into the arena; but, upon seeing the assembled multitude, he makes a pause, and looks around, as if seeking some object on which to spend his rage. The *picadors*, attired in an ancient Spanish dress, are stationed on horseback, lance in hand, at the part of the ring which faces the bull's entrance. On this occasion an Austrian damsel was acting the part of a *picadora*, the only difference between her and the others consisting in this, that in place of stopping the bull with the lance, she used large darts, which she threw at him with great dexterity.

On the occasion of which I am speaking, the first bull which rushed into the arena glared with savage bewilderment, and roared prodigiously. The Austrian was the first to present herself before him, and adroitly fixing one of her darts in his shoulder, galloped round, the bull running towards her. Rapidly returning to the charge, she planted another piece of iron in his neck; but, whilst endeavoring to treat him to a similar enlivener for the third time, the bull plunged his horns into the belly of her horse, and tossed horse and woman to a great height. They fell as

if dead; and while the bull was endeavoring, amid the applause of the multitude, to put a finish to what he had so well commenced, the *banderilleros* (young men on foot, dressed with a red cloak, and armed with darts of wood shod with iron at one end, and having a squib at the other, which takes fire on being fixed), with their red cloaks, came to distract his attention, and gave the woman an opportunity to escape.

A general shout of "*Bueno! bueno! viva le toro!*" (Bravo! bravo! long live the bull!) was thundered in the amphitheatre, while the woman and the horse were being removed from the arena. The woman had her right leg broken.

The first attacking party being thus off the field, the next *picador* advanced towards the enraged animal; the bull sprang forward at him, but he was arrested by the lance; however, he returned to the charge before the horse could face about, and fixing his horns between the horse's thighs, tossed him in the air, and overthrew the rider. Instantly the *banderilleros* again appeared, and horse and man were removed.

A third *picador* offered battle to the bull, who, rushing at him, was stopped by a lance firmly planted in the shoulders; in vain did the bull try to overcome his antagonist by pressing upon him, while the steel was in his body; every effort only served to fix the lance deeper, till at last he disengaged himself by drawing back, which, in the estimation of the Spaniards, is a very cowardly thing. They manifested their disapprobation by loud cries, and forthwith, to excite the unfortunate animal, the *banderilleros* threw their darts at him. The poor bull was quite mad; the same *picador* again stopped the beast; he was very weak from loss of blood, and therefore offered little resistance to the attack. Unable to combat, the time for the *matadors* to dispatch him soon came. The first *matador* (literally murderer), holding in his left hand the *moleta* (muller), and in his right the sword, drew near him; and the very instant when the animal rushed towards him, he made his allonge, the sword being directed to the heart; the creature staggered, but was not dead. The turn of the second *matador* now came, and this official soon gave a blow by which the animal fell lifeless to the ground. The moment the poor creature fell at the feet of the second *matador*, trumpets were heard, and four mules entered to drag the carcass from the arena.

I might describe the various combats which took place with the different bulls; but as, with very little difference, one narration may serve for all, I shall confine myself to relating a ludicrous circumstance that happened in the fight with the fifth animal brought into the arena. This toro was very successful in disabling the several opponents he had to encounter. The three first *picadors* were more or less injured; and of their horses, one had his legs broken, and the two others were ripped up by the enraged brute. At such excessive good fortune on the part of the bull, the applause of the Spaniards was boundless. A French drummer, sitting on the lowest bench, and who was tipsy at the time, annoyed at so many being forced to retire before the bull, leaped the barrier separating the arena from the spectators, and went staggering to set the bull at defiance. Mingled roars of laughter, and cries of "Long live the drummer!" struck upon the ear. Meantime the man advanced as well as he could, putting himself in a fencing attitude, apparently forgetful, however, that his sabre was hanging by his side.

The bull rushed towards him, and while the drummer appeared desirous of boxing his ears, he was forced, from the effects of the liquor he had taken, to measure the length of his back on the ground. The scene now became amusing in the extreme. Stretched on the sand lay the luckless drummer, moving his feet to whatever direction the bull made attack, and making a multitude of ejaculations each time that

his enemy came to an unpleasant propinquity; though the danger was more apparent than real, as, owing to his antagonist not being able to bring his horns sufficiently low to do him serious injury, he was scarcely touched. The animal, after trying to toss the recumbent drummer, contented himself with simply smelling at him; and then, seeing that nothing could be done, retreated several steps, being obliged to do so by the flashing of the red cloaks of the *banderilleros*, who came to succor the inebrate combatant. The drummer was quickly removed, almost unhurt, though his antagonist was not so fortunate, for, after having received several lances, he was dispatched by the unerring dagger of the *matador*.

EFFECTS OF FOOD ON THE FORM AND CHARACTER OF QUADRUPEDS.—Food influences all the external characters of quadrupeds. Without adverting to the different appearance of an ill-fed beast and one which has an abundant supply, we may remark, that the form of the young animal that suffers a deprivation either in the quantity or quality of its food, never becomes perfectly developed either in its bulk or proportions. The integuments of such a one never present the gloss of health, neither is the constitution at large often free from disease; internal congestions take place, and the mesenteric glands frequently become schirrous. On the contrary, in proportion as the supply within prudent limits is liberal, so is the growth extended, and the form reaches to the standard of the parent. It often also exceeds the parent stock, from the excess of nutritive stimulus applied; and thus horses, oxen, and sheep, brought up in low marshy lands, where the herbage is luxuriant, attain a monstrous size. Horses, in particular, when bred and pastured in the rich flat lands of Lincolnshire, become expanded in bulk, and it is from such sources that carriage and heavy troop horses are supplied. To what a degree of monstrosity may not our bacon hogs be fed; and our prize-oxen exhibit the extraordinary power of food, when forced on an animal, by increasing the supply and restraining the expenditure. It is from our artificial mode of feeding cattle that our markets are now furnished with veal all the year round, and lamb is so common some months before it appeared at the tables of our forefathers.

A TRIFLING EXCEPTION. In 1643, St. Preuil, the governor of Amiens, who depended much on a stratagem that he had conceived for seizing upon Arras, was anxious to engage a soldier, named Courcelles, to execute it. "I have made choice of you," said he to him one day, "as the most prudent soldier I know, for a blow that will make your fortune. The business is to surprise Arras; and hear how I have planned it. You shall disguise yourself as a peasant, and go and sell fruit in the place. After you have done this some time, you must quarrel with some person, and kill him with a poinard. You must suffer yourself to be taken, you will be tried on the spot, and be condemned to be hanged. You know the custom of Arras is to have their executions out of the city. It is on this circumstance that my design depends. I will place an ambuscade near the gate, by which you shall be brought out. My people will render themselves masters of those who shall come out who belong to the spectacle. I will march in the instant to their assistance, and make myself master of the place; which as soon as I am I shall rescue you. This is my project; what do you say to it?" "It is fine," replied Courcelles, "but the thing deserves consideration." "It does," said St. Preuil; "think of it, and to-morrow let me have your resolution." The next day Courcelles waited on his commander. "Well, my brave fellow," said St. Preuil, "what do you think of my project now?" "Sir," replied Courcelles, "it is admirable; only I should like that you would give me the command of the ambuscade, and take yourself the basket of fruit."

# FACETIÆ.

SCENE IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.—"First class in philosophy, come up. Ichabod, what are the properties of heat?"

"The properties of heat is to bake bread, bile water, cook eggs, and—"

"Stop!—Next. What are the properties of heat?"

"The properties of heat is to warm your toes, when they get cold, by holding 'em to the fire, and so forth."

"Next. What are the properties of heat, Solon?"

"The chief properties of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them."

"Very good, Solon. Can you give an example?"

"Yes, sir. In Summer, when it is hot, the day is long; in winter, when it is cold, it gets to be very short."

"Go to the head, Solon; boys, take your seats"—and the learned pedagogue was lost in wonder that so familiar an instance of illustration should have escaped his philosophic mind.

WITTY REPLY.—A noble lord asked a clergyman once at the bottom of his table, "Why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the parson?"

"Really," said he, "I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose again without this kind of your lordship."

A FEELING HUSBAND.—A gentleman was waked in the night, and told that his wife was dead. He turned round, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night-cap, and muttered, as he went to sleep again, "Ah! how grieved I shall be in the morning."

A CANNIBAL.—As some one was eulogizing a resident of Louisiana, who died while a missionary, a Missouri Indian, who was present, replied: "Oh yes, he was very good and tender." "You knew him, then?" replied the former. "Knew him, yes, indeed—I ate some of him!"

LONGINES TO LET.—Passing along the streets a few days ago, we observed in the window of a partially vacant house the following notice: "The upper part of this house to let, containing three rooms, a cellar, kitchen and a back yard!"

A MORAL SMILE.—Politeness is like an cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

A FOND HUSBAND.—Mr. Jones writes to his friend, and closes by saying, "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

A gentleman once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by letter, as a youth of great promise, and likely to do honor to the University of which he was a member. "But he is shy," said the father, "and I fear his talents in a napkin." A short time afterwards the parent, anxious for his opinion, inquired what he thought of his son? "I have shaken the napkin," said Roland, "at all the corners, and there is nothing in it."

A Chinese of forty, who received a severe flogging from his mother daily, was observed to weep. The cause being inquired—"Alas! the poor woman get's weaker every day!" was the faithful reply.

"Why don't you ask your sweetheart to marry you?"

"I have asked her."

"What did she say?"

"Oh, I have the refusal of her."

"Now do take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you."

"Oh, I will take it then, by all means, if it is sure to do good one way or the other."

An African chief wishing to put an end to idolatry in his dominions, issued an edict forbidding any one to worship alligators, the sun, thunder, or other reptiles.

An infidel seeks to make proselytes on the same principle which causes little children to cry at night for a bedfellow—he is afraid of being left alone in the dark.

GRAMMATICAL WITTICISM.—"Bobby, what is steam?"—"Boiling water." "That's right; compare it to—" "Positive boil; comparative boiler; superlative burst."

Says Giles, "My wife and I are two, and we're yet a couple, and why, sir?" Quoth Jack, "You're two, if I speak true, She's one and you're a cypher!"

An apothecary, at Salem, has written over his door, "All kinds of dying stuffs sold here." Candid man, that.

A Brazilian introduction is—"This is my friend, if he steals any thing, I am accountable for it."

Why is a man insulting a Spaniard in the dark like one who travels on a muddy road? He is liable to get stuck.

When you negotiate for a house having all the modern improvements, you will mostly find that a mortgage is one of them.

Mr. Benjamin Ginning recently presented the poor of the city of Liverpool with two hundred pounds. A good B. Ginning.

The following notice may be seen on a blacksmith's shop in Essex: "No Horses Shod on Sunday except Sickness and Death."



## SCAPULAR OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Prepared expressly for The Record.  
CONTINUED.

Such was the manner in which this confraternity was established. The devotions connected with it were soon developed throughout all parts of Christendom. Many miracles which were wrought in connection with it showed how pleasing it was to the blessed Virgin. The following is taken from the most authentic sources:—St. Simon Stock, the General of the Order, to whom the Blessed Virgin had given the Scapular, went to Winchester to obtain from the Bishop of that city to the Pope Innocent IV. He was met on the way by Peter, Dean of the church of St. Helen at Winchester, who asked him to come and assist his brother who was dying in a state of despair. Walter was the name of this person, who appears to have been a quarrelsome and wicked man, and one who despised the Sacraments of the Church. He also cultivated the art of magic. He was mortally wounded in an encounter which he had with another person. He was now near the hour of his death, and Satan revealed to his memory all his evil deeds. He did not wish to receive the Sacraments, but frequently exclaimed, "I am damned. I leave it to the devil to inflict worthy punishment on the man who has killed me." When St. Simon entered the chamber of the dying person, he found him foaming at the mouth, gnashing his teeth, and rolling his eyes about in a fearful manner. After looking at him for some time, and finding that he had not the use of his senses, St. Simon made the sign of the cross, and put the habit upon Walter, whose hours now were numbered. He lifted his eyes to heaven, and asked God to grant him some time to do penance, in order that he who was redeemed by the blood of Christ might not become the prey of Satan. The dying man immediately revived, and recovered the use of his reason. With tears in his eyes, he said, "Wretch that I am, I fear that I shall suffer for ever in hell; my sins are as many as the sand on the sea shore. Thy mercy, O God, is always greater than thy justice. Have pity on me. Father, be pleased to assist me, and to hear my confession." Walter, after his confession, received the Sacraments, and showed many signs of real penitence. He made his will, and caused his brother to promise that he would restore all that he had defrauded his employers of, and make reparation for all the injuries he had committed, and for all the acts of injustice he had done to other persons. He died the same night in peace. His soul afterwards appeared to his brother and informed him that he was in a place of happiness, and that with the assistance of the Blessed Virgin, the Queen of Angels, and in consequence of his wearing the Scapular, he had escaped the snares of the devil.

The fame of this soon spread through all the city. Peter, the Dean of St. Helen's, acquainted the Bishop with the circumstance, and waited his pleasure respecting it. The Bishop was surprised, and assembling his Chapter, who were his counsellors, resolved to ask St. Simon Stock respecting the Virtues of his Scapular. In obedience to his commands the General of the Order told the Bishop all the particulars connected with it. Peter afterwards became a member of the Carmelite Order, and erected a larger convent in Winchester. When this remarkable case was made known throughout England and other countries, several cities offered the Carmelites sites for building their convents. Many illustrious persons were desirous of joining the Order, and thus become partakers of its graces. They wished to die in the habit of the Order, and obtain, through the merits of the Blessed Virgin, a happy exit from this life.

## CHAPTER II.

*Privileges Granted by the Blessed Virgin to those who wear the Scapular of Mount Carmel.*

All who wear this Scapular enjoy a twofold privilege, through the merits of the Blessed Virgin, who is their protectress and advocate. One is of a spiritual nature, and the other is temporal. The first is founded on these words of the Blessed Virgin to St. Simon Stock: "Any person who wears this, if he dies a pious death, will not suffer in eternal fire. This is the sign of his salvation." The Blessed Virgin will never allow,

for so great is the power of her intercession, her true disciples to undergo eternal condemnation, she will protect them efficaciously, especially at the hour of death. They may hope our Lord will give them such an abundance of divine grace that they will escape the machinations of the wicked one. Sister Rosa Maria, who died in the odor of sanctity May 9, 1726, exclaimed, as she breathed her last, "O happy Carmel, which grants, through the assistance of the Blessed Virgin, protection in the hour of death from the evil one." The Blessed Angela of Arena, saw in a vision a beautiful ladder, which extended from earth to heaven, and being desirous to know what this signified, she was told that if she wished to ascend by it she must assume the habit of the Carmelite Order. She immediately joined the Confraternity, and died a nun of the third order.

The second privilege—which is of a corporal nature—is founded also on the words of the Blessed Virgin:—"a safety in dangers." We read in the words of the Office in the Breviary: "that this holy Order is distinguished by this sacred habit, and is protected from surrounding dangers by it." All the offerings which in Catholic countries are suspended around the altars in the churches of the Carmelites are so many evidences of this, and testify that the appellation which the Blessed Virgin gave to the Scapular, "safety in dangers," is in reality verified. The instances of this which might be enumerated are so many that it seems almost impossible to make a selection from them. The Scapular has been found to be a protection in the trials of this life. In sickness and in the hour of death many have found that they have derived help in invoking the assistance of the Most Glorious Virgin of Mount Carmel.

Having described the privileges, both spiritual and corporal, which are conferred on those who wear this habit, if they lead a pious life and if they attend to the duties which belong to this confraternity, it may not be amiss to add something descriptive of the habit.

The Scapular must be made of cloth, or of other stuff. It may be lined with silk, but it cannot be made of silk. It may be embroidered with gold or silver. It is usual to have a representation of the Blessed Virgin on one side of the Scapular, and some pious device on the reverse of the other side.

When any person receives the Scapular for the first time, it should be blessed by a Priest who has the proper faculty for doing so. It must be worn both day and night, but may be taken off for any necessary purpose. It will not be sufficient to carry it about in the pocket or leave it in any special place, as may be done with beads or crucifixes. The word "Scapular" implies a habit which is worn over the shoulder, and as the Scapular is called "the little habit," it must be worn in the same manner.

The words of St. Alphonsus Liguori respecting the Scapular are very remarkable. "As it is," writes the Saint, "a mark of distinction to have attendants wearing their livery, so does the Blessed Virgin like to see her servants wear her Scapular. It should be a sign of their having devoted themselves to her service, and of their belonging to the family of the Mother of God."

TO BE CONTINUED.

**Exhibition of the Pupils under the Charge of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart in West Seventeenth Street.**

Wednesday, the 7th instant, was quite a gala day at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in West Seventeenth street. In the morning the distribution of prizes among the young ladies who are educated under the charge of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart took place. In the afternoon, the children who frequent the parochial schools, under the care of the same good ladies, were assembled for a similar purpose. To determine which exhibition was most interesting would, indeed, be rather a difficult task. Each had its own peculiar merits. But we must confess that to us the exercises of the morning were the most pleasing. Parochial schools can be seen in all parts of the city, where children are trained in the doctrines of the Church; but such an exhibition as the Convent in Seventeenth street, where our Catholic young ladies receive an education of the highest order, superior to what may be met with in any "select seminary or college," cannot easily be met with. The facility with which the Spanish

and French languages were spoken was admirable, and the music was indeed such as would "soothe the savage breast." Who can forget the pleasing little drama of "Joan of Arc"? Though familiar as we are with printers' devils and their transformations, we must say the facility with which "crinoline" was changed into the robes of kings and warriors surprised us considerably. To say that the manner in which the dialogue was spoken was good, is conveying but a faint idea of what took place. The young lady who personated Joan of Arc threw a reality into the character that showed how capable she is of appreciating female heroism, when chastened by Catholic truth. The distribution was most pleasing in itself. We could not help commiserating two young ladies whose sylph-like forms were bowed down with the weight of the prizes and honors which they received. The Very Rev. Vicar General closed the morning exercises by expressing the deep gratification which he felt at all that he had both heard and seen.

In the afternoon Rev. Father Driscoll presided, and here we were permitted to see that if the ladies of the Sacred Heart excelled in the higher branches of instruction, they were not behind-hand in the religious and secular teaching which they imparted to the children of the Parochial school.

The dialogue of "The Bird's Nest," which was recited by the little girls, was so interesting and amusing that it was repeated by the desire of those present. "The Adopted Daughter" was pleasing, and was calculated to convey much instruction, nor must we forget the songs in which all the children joined so earnestly and so sweetly. All seemed impressed with the idea that the ladies of the Sacred Heart were doing much for this city, and hopeful that their influence might be more widely extended. Among the clergy present we recognized Very Rev. W. Starrs, Revs. F. McNeirney, Everett, McCarthy, Farrell, Jerome, Rev. Drs. Farely and Neligan. Several of the parents of the children witnessed the interesting scene.

**The Reasons that should Govern Catholics in their Judgment upon the war.**

[From the Catholic Herald and Visitor, July 8.]

No man, however learned or gifted he may be, can write clearly or argue triumphantly who has to labor under a cloud of prejudice. Hence it is manifestly important that every one who presumes to address the popular mind, should be able to found his arguments upon facts, or at least upon sound inferences, and that he should have some higher ground to stand upon than his personal and hereditary dislikes, or his private or national feelings in favor of individuals or countries. With this reflection continually before us, we may not only succeed in treating all men with whom whom we may differ, justly and candidly, but we are quite as important to our success in a good cause, we may convince those whom we oppose that we are not moved by malice in the advocacy of foregone conclusions.

Under the influence of such views as we here take the liberty to express, we as freely admit that we sometimes find it difficult to reconcile many of our hard and bitter denunciations which are made, by certain writers, against one government which still maintains the balance, if nothing more, of popular liberty, while another government, in which there is, in all its ramifications, a most absolute despotism, is held up, by the same writers, to public notice as the perfection of honor and political justice! We say we feel sometimes astonished to find writers who are in the full enjoyment of the liberty of speech, incessantly denouncing the government under which they live, and as incessantly laboring to sustain a tyranny under which no word of disrespect would be tolerated, no public appeal to justice, no doubt of the political infallibility of its ruler, would be allowed to escape without warning or punishment.

But there is one thing connected with the sentiments and the influence of such writers, which has not astonished us. It is that other writers, who have endeavored to examine, without prejudice, the antecedent actions and the published and acknowledged "deeds," and the present companionship and proceedings of the favorites of certain European despots, should be condemned as holding with undue partiality either to France, England or Austria. The writer of this paper is neither French, Irish, English nor Austrian in his politics. He is American in his politics, but Catholic in his faith, and whenever men or measures seem to him to have a tendency to disturb the freedom of this country or the rights of the Church in which he believes, at the seat of its supreme authority, or in any other quarter of the world—between such men and their measures he will honestly endeavor to discern justice, and to speak accordingly. If, in fact, it is true, we have avowed our preferences to be on the side of Austria, and the reasons why, have accompanied those freely-

expressed preferences. We need not repeat them. We feel them as strong as ever, not only in our hopes of religious justice, but in our views of political justice. We feel, nevertheless, that it would be utterly impossible for any intelligent Catholic, however far removed he might be from the influences of European politics, to be indifferent to the contest which is at present laying waste the beautiful cities and bright fields of Italy, and which it is now becoming more and more evident, must eventually distract and lay waste the fields of continental Europe. It would be vain, however, meantime, for any authority to attempt to prevent Catholics from entertaining and expressing their individual and peculiar opinions in regard to the causes of the war, the motives of the combatants, or the results which must follow. Let every one enjoy his predilections, in all such matters, according to the best light of justice and truth; at the same time, let us not forget that we are Catholics. We have said that we are American in politics, and therefore we oppose all entangling alliances with other nations between the Church and the State. We do not believe that the State can get along peacefully and successfully with out the influences of the Church, and without obedience to its teachings; but those influences and teachings, we hold, ought never be controlled by the State; and, therefore, we hope to see the independence of the Catholic Church maintained inviolate, and in despite of all the plots and counterplots of all her open or secret enemies; and for these reasons, whatever nation or people shall appear to us to be the best disposed to obey the great Christian commandment, "Hear the Church," in all matters concerning the salvation, and the morality and civilization of the Church, that nation or people we shall always feel disposed to respect and esteem. Such was the great destiny vouchsafed to the Church in all ages, without reference to human governments or their forms; and whatever nations or kingdoms shall give the least obstruction to her liberty, to the liberty of her divine mission, shall have our humble but not less sincere approbation, in whatever quarter of the world they may hold power, or under whatever dynasties they may have been instituted. God has left the nations to choose their appropriate forms of government, but He has established a Church, to teach them all the truth of his gospel and the revelations of his divine justice.

## STREET ACCIDENTS.—

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,  
And wary circumspection guard thy side,  
Then shalt thou walk unharmed.

[GAY'S TRIVIA.]

It is supposed that nearly thirty persons are yearly killed or injured in New York by street accidents. To lessen their number, the following rules may be useful: Cross streets at regular crossings, but not at dangerous places, where four or more roads meet. Do not go before or behind a cab, or before omnibuses or stages, particularly if racing. Beware of cabs or stages hovering near; they frequently start forward in a moment. Beware of side streets and gateways. Wait patiently till you can cross safely—then step with firm, flat feet, for the composition now used to cement paving cozes out and is very greasy, and mud itself is slippery. In case of urgent necessity, remember, if you push at a horse coming upon you, with your umbrella or stick, he will come forward, but if struck, he will shy; but remember, also, the poor brute animal is seldom to blame. If an accident happens, let the police and bystanders take their duty; watch the carriage and take the number or address; a false address may be given; therefore try to identify the person of the offender.

**DIET OF NAPOLEON.**—The frugality of Napoleon was such that his taste gave the preference to the most simple and the least seasoned dishes; as *œufs au miroir* and *haricots en salade*. His breakfast was almost always composed of one of these dishes and a little Parmesan cheese. At dinner he ate little, rarely of ragouts, and always of wholesome things. I have often heard him say, "that however little nourishment people took at dinner, they always took too much." Thus his head was always clear, and his labor easy, even when he rose from table. Gifted by nature with a healthy stomach, his nights were as calm as those of an infant. Nature, also, had bestowed on him a constitution so admirably suited to his station, that a single hour of sleep would restore him after twenty-four hours fatigue. In the midst of the most serious and urgent events, he had the power of resigning himself to sleep at pleasure, and his mind enjoyed the most perfect calm, as soon as directions were given for the necessary arrangements.

We notice scraps of poetical effusions directed to friends in heaven. Better give poetry of the heart utterance in words and deeds of kindness to friends upon earth.



## OUR EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Annual Commencement of the College of St. Francis, in Sixteenth street, Monday, July 11.

## Literary Exercises and Distribution of Premiums.

The annual commencement of this well-known and popular Institution is always looked forward to with pleasure, not only by the parents and friends of the pupils, but by a large number of others. In fact, so numerous is the attendance on these occasions, that the Reverend Fathers find it no easy matter to accommodate all their visitors. The exercises took place in the playground in front of the college, and here, we should judge, there were at least a thousand persons who took an earnest interest in the proceedings. A spacious platform or stage was erected for the pupils who took part in the exercises, and of whom there were some sixty or seventy. The remainder of the pupils, numbering about two hundred, were seated on either side of the stage, while the Reverend Clergy occupied seats in front. The stage itself was handsomely decorated in honor of the occasion, while overhead was displayed American flags sufficient to supply a whole army of patriots. The trees with which a portion of the playground is planted, afforded a grateful shade from the oppressive heat of the day. We should not forget to mention the presence of Noll's Band, which formed an interesting feature in the exercises, and which is one of the best in the city. In fact, the name of the leader is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the music.

Among those present were Rev. Father Murphy, Provincial, and several others of the Faculty of St. John's College; Rev. Dr. Cumming, Dr. Nelligan, Rev. Messrs. Fisher, Murphy, Donnelly, Dr. Ives, Dr. Brownson, Thos. F. Meagher, Judge O'Connor, &c.

The exercises commenced with some excellent vocal music by the students, under the direction of Professor Weismuller, which was followed by an overture from Noll's Band, capably executed. The first discourse was entitled "Westminster Abbey," and it was delivered with spirit and animation by J. T. Barry. He spoke of the effect of history and historic monuments upon the character of a people; of their creating and fostering public spirit and national feeling, by holding up the past as a model and an incentive to the present, and urging the descendants of the men commemorated in glowing periods or sculptured marble, to emulate the deeds and patriotism of their ancestors. After paying an eloquent tribute to history, the speaker observed that national monuments exerted a more wide-spread influence than history could ever do, for the uneducated who are insensible to the beauties of style, take more interest in the rudest monumental record of a noble life or daring deed, than in the pictured pages of the most graphic historian. Greece and Rome owed more to the Acropolis and the Capitol, than to Thucydides or Livy. But turning from ancient to modern times, where can we find, he asks, a monument so renowned for its architecture and for the number and eminence of those whom it commemorated, as Westminster Abbey. An object so worthy the inspection of the antiquary, the artist, and the patriot, as that connecting link between the past and present, that world of art, that receptacle of all that was most learned, sublime or beautiful in the annals of the English nation. Under the roof of that spacious mausoleum, upheld by its clustered columns chiselled into the most exquisite forms, lie blended in a common grave the nobility and genius of England. That sepulchral home is the silent indicator of England's national history. There slumber the heroes of Cressy and Agincourt, and the knightly warriors that confronted the Saracen chivalry on the plains of Palestine; there repose Elizabeth and her royal victim, and as we drop a tear of compassion over the tomb of the ill-fated Queen of Scots, we remember the observation of Washington Irving: "The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival." Here sleep the sainted men who bore the light of the Gospel into that benighted country, whose labors converted England from a barren land of heathenism and superstition into one of the fairest gardens of the Church of God. These champions of Catholicity, endowed with the mildness of the pastor, the intrepidity of the confessor, and the endurance of the martyr, rest in the land of their labors, compassionate, we doubt not, those who have wandered from the right path, and

praying that England may again be numbered among Catholic nations, a holy land as it was in the days of an Edward, a St. Thomas, and an Anselm.

Here too are marble statues of poets, orators and statesmen, the stern features of Pitt and the care-worn face of Grattan. Grattan the guardian of Ireland's liberties and the witness of their subversion, and who nourished the growing independence of his country with parental affection. "I have watched over Ireland," said he, with an eternal solicitude, and have traced her progress from injuries and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation. In that new character I hail her, and bowing to her august presence I say—"Eso perpetua."

At the conclusion of his discourse the youthful orator was warmly applauded by the audience.

"The Pastor's Welcome" Wagner, was then sung in chorus by the students, their voices blending together, whether in unison or harmony, with fine effect in the open air. The alternation of music and literature added considerably to the enjoyment of the occasion, the thoughts roused by the one, and the emotions excited by the other gave a zest and relish to the entire entertainment—for entertainment it might certainly be called—that was pleasing to students and visitors.

The next discourse, "The Scholars' Hopes," was delivered by J. H. McGeen. It was an interesting subject, "that unknown dominion of which no man is monarch"—the future always is—and it was, listened to with much attention. The speaker first reviewed the admirable order which reigns throughout the universe, the harmony that exists between all its parts, and the relationship and connection that subsists between all its different members. He proceeded to show that even the husbandman, who goes forth to his day's labor, who watches with anxious care over his pasturage and his flocks, whose life passes in the obscurity of the lonely village, contributes not a little to the stability of the social system. After a passing tribute to the different strata of society he entered on the subject of his discourse. The path the scholar treads has been glorified by the footsteps of those illustrious men who preceded him and even though he may never attain that proud eminence the companionship of the great minds of ancient and modern times might well be considered a sufficient recompense for any mental toil he may undergo. But travelling in such company the secrets of nature are revealed to him, the resources of science are laid bare before him and the master minds of the dead ages live again for his instruction. In his reverence for the past the speaker did not forget to acknowledge the obligations we are under to the distinguished men of modern times. After paying a graceful compliment to Franklin, Fulton, and Morse, he proceeded to deary the cowardice that shrinks from the battle of life, because reverses await us. If our efforts be worthy, said he, if our aims be noble, it matters not how rudely fortune may deal with us. The history of the past proves to us that genius is not the pathway to prosperity, for many whose claim to that distinction cannot be denied have passed their lives in obscurity and even in indigence. If the scholar be contrasted with that of one who spends his days in idleness and luxury, who is insensible to the charms of literature, ignorant of the advancement of science, and indifferent to the progress of humanity, must we not admit that the pure source of enjoyment which the scholar possesses is infinitely superior. Through the study of history the world and all its changes are thrown open to our view; we become acquainted with its heroes on the battle field, and enter familiarly into the cabinets of its statesmen. Casting a rapid glance through the different paths the scholar may pursue in search of knowledge, and pointing out the advantages to be derived from each study, he urged the strong necessity of combining religion with learning, without which, instead of being a blessing to the individual or to society, it becomes a curse. An infidel Voltaire, and an impious Rousseau, were cited as affording a striking illustration of the truth of this remark. The speaker next alluded to the idea entertained by many that a classical education was not required outside of the learned professions. The length of time necessarily devoted to those studies had, no doubt, a repelling power on some who were anxious to begin their struggle with the world, and whose future pursuits did not absolutely call for literary ac-

quirements. After some further remarks on this point, the speaker contended that learning, after religion, was the best ally and truest friend a man could have in prosperity or adversity, enabling him to bear every change of fortune with resignation and fortitude, and inspiring him with a spirit of equanimity that cannot be disturbed.

He has learned, said he, in his youth to set a due value on the things of this world, and to make that use of them which an all-bountiful Providence intended when he entrusted them to his stewardship. He also knows that no matter how great his position may be, he will never be elevated the position to which he may attain, true happiness is based on religion alone. At the conclusion of the discourse the speaker was warmly applauded.

The third discourse, by G. A. Healy, entitled "The Ultimatum," was a well-considered dissertation on the causes of national decline, internal corruption or external force, the great sources from which spring the calamities of nations. To those two sources were traced all that is revolting in the history of nations, and all that is sad in the annals of Christian people. The great empires of antiquity were reviewed from their rise to their fall to prove this proposition, and the French Revolution was brought forward as a striking example of the momentous truth that wealth, and power, and military strength cannot shield a nation from the consequences of her crime; cannot rescue her from her own avenging hand.

After deploring the uncertain growth of liberty in other lands, its sickly existence, and rapid decay, he reverted to America and exclaimed, "But in our country it was not so. In this land through her primeval forests, through the very clefts of her rugged and majestic mountains, the tree of liberty once set down, nurtured with unflinching care and the rays of adversity, grew up in full bloom, stretching its branches far and wide, until they embraced within their shade the bold, determined sons of the North, as well as the brave, patriotic and enthusiastic inhabitants of the South. It is in this country, of all others, that the ultimatum, formidable at first sight, brought in the current of arduous effort, the glorious principles of freedom, which all American citizens at present enjoy."

The approbation of the audience was expressed by the usual hearty demonstrations of applause.

"Les Genies de l'Océan" a chorus from David's opera of Christophe Colomb was finely rendered by the assembled students, who were accompanied by Professor Weismuller on the piano with equal taste and skill.

"The contrasts of History" was the theme of the fourth speaker W. Dolan, and it was skillfully handled and pleasingly delivered. As the subject was evidently too comprehensive for a short essay, it was judiciously narrowed down to those eventful periods where the forms and manners of existing institutions were changed. The first era reviewed was that of Paganism when idolatry was the religion of all save the Jewish tribes. The rise and spread of Christianity was then sketched, and its influence on the manners and minds of men, its principles of action, its power of attraction and cohesion, its civilizing and refining tendencies commented on. Speaking of the refinement to which Greece and Rome attained the speaker observed:

"In these States Antiquity put forth those beautiful specimens of art and literature in the contemplation of which the mind becomes confounded by the delicate materials from which ideal beauty was wrought, as well as by the aerial lightness and symmetry into which the snow-white marble was chiseled. Athens, of all other parts of Greece, was the centre of enlightenment. To her, scholars and artists flocked, the youth from all the regions of the world. The Asiatic, the Egyptian, the German and the Gaul, wandering from their native land in quest of the lessons of wisdom and models of art were found united in her schools."

The next epoch referred to was the rise of Rome, the glory and success of whose arms were only limited by the boundaries of the then known world, and which embraced within her rule the fierce Parthian and the barbarous Briton, the inhabitants of Scandinavia and far distant Africa. Her eagle, the emblem of that eminence to which she aspired, might be seen on the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile, in the wilds of the west, and on the sands of Mauritania. The downward progress of that vast empire, of which the strongest symptom was the decline of patriotism and the death of noble sons, such as Camillus, Regulus, or Cincinnatus, was vividly portrayed. The love of country and the thirst for fame that distinguished the early Romans gave way to ambition for power and cruelty in the exercise of it; frugality and poverty were replaced by effeminacy and luxury, and the hatred and jealousy of classes paved the way for the dismemberment of the Roman empire. The influence of philosophy

on the religion and ultimate fate of Rome was clearly pointed out.

The speaker next dwelt upon the inroads of the Northern barbarians on Rome, and the ultimate effect upon Europe of this constant influx and reflux of savage hordes, the gradual amalgamation of these incursive nomads with the settled inhabitants of towns and populous districts, the formation of stable governments by the sacrifice of a little individual liberty, the rise of the feudal system under the influence of which personal independence died out, and the serf sank under the blow of fate rather with the spirit of a martyr than the courage of a warrior. The extinction of this system in the Sixteenth Century, and the rise of our own Republic was adverted to, and the speaker concluded thus: "Under the constitution cast around her as a shield may she live for ages the bulwark of freedom and the land of liberty! May the memory of those to whom she is indebted for her choicest blessings never be forgotten, and may the generous spirit of a Washington animate those who steer the Ship of State over the foaming billows and through the troubled waters that surround her."

The concluding discourse on "National Glory," was delivered with great spirit by J. Mooney, who commenced by saying:—Of the many subjects which enlist the attention and claim the admiration of all, there is not one, perhaps, which affects man so sensibly as the glory of his country, and this feeling is not monopolized by any one nation, for there is no country, however uncivilized, that does not communicate to her children the seeds of this ennobling quality. It forms a rallying point around which all men unite, presenting the grand and extraordinary spectacle of an entire people animated by the same cause and stirred by the same enthusiasm. How mysterious are the ways of Providence in thus implanting in the mind of man, an instinct which hurls him to his country and makes her rights and privileges dearer to him than his life. Having dilated at some length on patriotism in a general manner, the speaker came nearer home, and said that, actuated by this spirit, our own great and glorious Republic had risen to the position she now occupies, that under the fostering care of a Washington and the vigilance of his successors in office she had grown up the admiration of the world. The speaker, alluding to that species of national glory which is based on literature, said, without its regenerating principle, heroism would lose all the brilliancy of its standard before the world, and the brave exploits of warriors would be unchronicled. It is through its instrumentality that Marathon and Plataea, Salamis and Leuctra make us thrill even now, and rouse all the energies of the human heart. Through the glowing words of the orator, the magic pen of the historian they stand before the world, exciting patriotic hearts never to falter in the cause of liberty. After some poetic allusions to the many unwritten battlefields of the world, and flinging his wreath of immortelles on their unnumbered graves, he adds: Had not Thucydides given such graphic descriptions of Leonidas and his band before the world, exciting patriotic hearts never to falter in the cause of liberty. After some poetic allusions to the many unwritten battlefields of the world, and flinging his wreath of immortelles on their unnumbered graves, he adds: Had not Thucydides given such graphic descriptions of Leonidas and his band before the world, exciting patriotic hearts never to falter in the cause of liberty. The flowing phrases of a Tacitus and a Sallust interest us in the story of Rome's greatness and decline. Illustrious actions must be the basis on which all these writers form their immortal descriptions of the past, and which the literary historian, how much of the bravery and chivalry of bygone days would have been known to us? Literature is at once the glory and the conservator of nations, and in every renowned epoch of civilization, literature and science have been duly appreciated by the people. The annals of Pericles and Augustus, a Leo the X. and Louis the XIV., are usually presented to our view as models of national refinement. At these periods, the great minds whose names are so familiar and so honored, produced their immortal works, which elevated their own age and nation to the pinnacle of greatness, and contributed to the enlightenment of posterity. They gave examples of the true sublime in oratory and poetry, laid the basis of liberty, defined the limits of legitimate authority and the principles of equity. All the modern nations pay homage to knowledge and national existence, while vindicating their intellectual, even while their literary history is identified with the greatest solitudes. It is in these institutions that our own Republic will find, as it found of old, men whose souls were animated with the spirit of a Washington, men who would willingly sacrifice their lives to preserve intact the Constitution he has bequeathed to us.

After the applause had subsided, the premiums were distributed by Rev. Father Murphy, Father Gockeln calling the names of the boys:

## GOOD CONDUCT.

UNIVERSITY COURSE.—Charles J. Drane, (1); John A. Brophy, Andrew O'Brien, Francis Begly, Wm. J. McNab, Edward F. McSweeney, Peter Lohr, Winand Wigger.

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METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

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The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, so matter how liberally supported, and how fully conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

New York, Nov. 4, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a sham without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

Yours, faithfully, in Christ,

JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

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THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CONDITION OF ITALY.

No one familiar with the events that have transpired in the Italian Peninsula need be surprised at the condition of its people when the present war broke out. No country in Europe suffered so much pecuniarily and morally by the overflow of the French revolutionary principles in 1790, and their military consequences, till the putting down of the first Napoleon. The minds of the people were upset, and in a great measure debauched, by that great infidel event. When the Congress of Vienna arranged the affairs of Europe in 1815 the Italian people, individually considered, were bewildered, having lost the principle of fidelity to their former rulers without any other being substituted. They were oscillating, unsteady, discontented, and what is still worse, insincere.

The events which have since taken place have not been of a character to reverse this order of ideas in the Italian mind. On the contrary the Revolution of 1830 in Paris, the affair of the Poles at that period and other partial disturbances of civil and social order here and there presented topics to the poetic mind of the Italians, tempting them to greater discontent with their condition, and to aspirations for a new order of things whatever it might turn out to be. The disturbances throughout Europe in 1848 gave an additional impulse to this feeling and brought the cup of anticipated regeneration partially to the lips of the Italian people. That, however, was dashed away by the President of the French Republic and the old order of things re-established, but without any healing to the wounded feelings of the people. It also inaugurated a new system for the fomentation of Italian discontent. The Carbonari of former times were

replaced by another secret and general conspiracy against all order and government, at the head of which was the notorious Mazzini. Sardinia had been humbled, but so contrived the semblance of her political improvements as to increase the discontent of the people in the other States of the Peninsula. It requires no profound depth of thought to perceive that from this moment there was an indirect acquiescence between the associations encouraged by Mazzini and the royal proceedings of Sardinia. From this new Sardinian retreat of malcontents, emissaries and correspondents ceased not to foment disloyalty in every part of Italy, but especially in the Austrian provinces and in the States of the Church. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Austrian army, in attempting to defend its own territory, found itself from the commencement of the present campaign, if we can make use of the expression, in the country of the enemy. The machinations of Mazzini and Count Cavour have debauched all that was formerly considered honor, chivalry and fidelity to oaths and regard for human life.

In the Austrian Provinces there was military force, and that force may, in the interval, have been exercised in too harsh a manner, with a view to suppress the base and treacherous feelings that had been cultivated. In the Papal States, on the other hand, there was no force except what was exercised by the hated Austrians on the one side and the despised French on the other. The consequences are that even the true and loyal inhabitants of the Papal States dare not conform to their ancient professions of fidelity and adherence to the Government of the Holy Father. There were, in fact, two governments, the one the subterranean, of which Mazzini was the head, his Executive being the conspirator and the stiletto. This was known to the good portion of the citizens, and to be maintained at the peril of their individual lives, to be sacrificed, not in open battle, but in the dark, and one by one, they deemed it prudent to shrug their shoulders and submit to the real or supposed tyranny of the legitimate government that was exercised on the surface of the soil, in order to escape the other and worse tyranny that came from the subterranean chambers and councils of desperate men. For the last twelve years it has been in the Papal States a reign of terror, nor have its bloody edicts been unappreciated by the Emperor of the French. It almost reached his own person, and if the present war should give him occasion to clear Italy of those desperate combinations, the result will be perhaps greater safety for his own life, and greater purification of the atmosphere in which he wages battle. One thing, however, is certain, that the Italian people under this state of things have had no chance to express freely their opinion with regard to their form or choice of government. Those who will now probably speak in their name will be the conclave from the caverns of the conspiracy and their utterance will be no indication of the real feelings of the Italian people. To them, as a great nation under better circumstances their French masters will be more odious and more contemptible than the Austrian. Neither is it possible that they will ever cordially coalesce with the government of Sardinia. Those who know the condition of things in Italy, especially for the last twelve years, will not be at all surprised, as they would in any other country, at the wonders of vacillation and indifference of the people with regard to who shall gain the upper hand. Their lives as individuals have been at stake in every moment of their existence from the period when the secret conspiracies became extended throughout the Peninsula.

A man loyal to honor, to fidelity, and indeed to civic virtue, unless he concealed his sentiments very carefully, was sure to be made the bleeding victim of some unknown desperado who could redeem his own life only by sacrificing that of his innocent neighbor. The people have been living under an outward form of government too feeble to crush its enemies, and a secret order of violence and blood, the judiciary, the legislature and the executive of which were entirely unknown except in their deeds of terror and destruction.

Since the foregoing remarks were written we have seen a synopsis of the state of things as they are regarded in Rome itself. We extract it from The New York Herald of the 9th instant as follows:

The Holy Father is in the beginning of new difficulties. Those of 1848 were nothing in comparison. For the last few months the French in command here have gone on step by step, and test by test, depriving the Pope of his authority. They have now come to the point that the Pope is only a name in Rome.

Last Sunday a telegraphic dispatch announced the departure of the Austrians from Bologna and the other legations. This was immediately followed by another stating that Bologna was in arms against the Pope, and that a Provisional government had been proclaimed there, as in Florence. Since then Perugia and all the Romagna have rebelled. The Pope's troops that were sent to put down the insurrection have in a great part deserted and gone over to Piedmont. Several congregations of Cardinals have been held to deliberate as to whether the French are to be called to put down the insurrection in Bologna or not.

It is hard to know the plan of Napoleon with regard to Rome. I think he will either take away the legations or impose a constitution on the Pope which can never be accepted. Napoleon will not appear in all this. Cavour is now the Tribune of all Italy. All obey his orders. Palmerston's old pret will now be realized—to have the Austrians driven out of Italy, and to give a constitution to all the Italian States. The Neapolitans are only waiting for orders from Cavour to rebel. Such is the present state of Italy. The movement is directed against religion, and, after all his promises, Napoleon is the greatest enemy of the Church. If the Pope be deprived of his States, the French Emperor will be the cause.

These statements, we have every reason to believe, are genuine and true, but then what becomes of the hollow hypocrisy of the French Emperor and of Count Cavour, in their responses to the insurgents of Bologna and other States, telling them to go back forthwith, and to obey the Government and rule of their Sovereign. This is, indeed, an attempt at imperial and royal hypocrisy for which we were not prepared. How can they, in the face of Europe and the world, advise apostates from the Roman Government, seduced intentionally by those desperate leaders on the one side, and royal advocates on the other, to go back and offer their submission to the Sovereign whose authority they had so effectually sapped and mined in every province, district and town of the Papal States?

In order to get a glance at Napoleon's sincere intentions, we must go back for a re-print of his treacherous letter towards the Papal States, addressed to one of his followers named Edgar Ney, which he afterwards seemed to revoke in words, but the meaning of which letter is now coming out in deeds.

WHOLESALE ANNEXATION OF ITALIAN TERRITORY TO SARDINIA—WHAT THE ITALIANS HAVE LOST BY THE WAR.

The King of Sardinia, accompanied by the Emperor of France, entered Milan on the 8th of May, in obedience, as they asserted, to the call of the people. The document inviting them was presented two days previously, and, as we have already pointed out, was signed by seven persons who arrogated to themselves the right of speaking for, and transferring away the corporate privileges of, the remaining thousands of the inhabitants of the city. However, when the "liberators" got within the walls of the place what did they do? Did they call a meeting of the principal burghers in order to consult on the best form of a future free and independent government for Milan and Lombardy at large? Did they repair to the seat of the city government and assemble around them what might be termed the nucleus of a national council?

Did they even hold a "mass meeting" and take a show of hands against Austria from the men whom they had just, as they boasted, redeemed?

No, they did neither one nor the other; but they repaired to the Governor's house and immediately issued a proclamation, signed by Victor Emanuel and Cavour, declaring—"Lombardy is annexed to Piedmont." To the proclamation was appended a decree issued for the purpose of organizing the new government of the absorbed, or conquered we might properly call it, territory. This decree contains forty-six articles, every one of which is diametrically opposed to the principle of self-rule and elective deliberation by the people, the united force of the whole tending to completely sweep away the franchises which the people of Lombardy enjoyed under the Austrian rule, and thus effectually blight any germ of municipal resistance to kingly aggression which might yet be nourished by the corporators.

We publish a few of the clauses of this famous paper. It says:—

We, Victor Emanuel II, in virtue of the extraordinary powers conferred upon us by law, have decreed and decree as follows:—

A Governor will be named by us for the temporary government of the provinces of Lombardy. The Governor will administer the provinces of Lombardy in the name of the King.

All authorities in the Lombard provinces are placed under the Governor.

All affairs which, under the late Austrian government, were directed to the Governor General of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, to the Central administrations, and to the ministry of the late Governor, will now be directed to the Governor of Lombardy.

Now we, as simple-minded American sepiacubans, had always heretofore held that "The people are the true source of legitimate power," and imagined that this doctrine—the essence of which was placed on record by the English Catholic Barons at Runnymede, and the fruit of which was secured from assault by the American Revolution—was held and acknowledged more or less all over the world; but in the four clauses recited above it will be seen that his Majesty of Sardinia tells his newly-acquired subjects, in pretty plain terms, that all power is vested in the King, and that he will exercise it through his Governor.

The paper goes on to say:—

All non-Italians are removed.

The *Lieutenancy of Lombardy and the Council of the Lieutenancy have ceased to exist.* The services of the Council are dispensed with, and remain at the disposal of the Governor.

One would suppose that Italian freemen, who had been so long complaining of persecution, would not inaugurate their emancipation by an act of banishment from office and habitation on account of birth or country. We do not think that Italians would do so, but must bear in mind that the teachings of Cavour at Geneva were strongly savoured with the bad odor of a continental "Know Nothingism" and that his pupil, the King, when approving of the exile clause was carrying out his behests.

The most enlightened rulers have a council of advice, real or—as in the case of France and Sardinia at present—nominal, but the last article tells us that the King's Governor of Lombardy will have no Council.

Cavour and the King again speak:

The direction of the *contabilità* (controlling of State expenses) (Cavour and his man keep a sharp look after the cash) and the *giunta* of the census are maintained, and will increase their functions under the immediate superintendence of the Governor. In all cases in which the same had to apply to the ministries and Central departments of the late Austrian government they will have to apply to the Governor.

The provincial *delegazioni* (corporate representatives) are abolished; the provincial delegates and directors will cease immediately to exercise their functions, and remain at the disposal of the Governor, save in the cases coming under article six.

In every province there will be an *Intendente Generale* or *Intendente Generale* will be nominated by the King.

Our readers will see that—as in the nursery rhyme of the "House that Jack Built"—the King seized the power; the King gives it to a governor, the governor is to keep it, the governor is to be treas-



urer, the governor is to be Intendente Generale, the governor is to stand in place of the late corporation, and, in fine, the governor and the King and the King and the Governor are to be all in all and the "People of Italy" a popular nonentity.

Corporate representation, the control of city and State funds, and the system of provincial magistrates, acting in communion with the people are held by the King of Sardinia to be a shadow and to say that a more free action with regard to these matters would result to the Lombards, as alleged from the war, must be acknowledged to be an evident illusion.

The Oracle speaks again and says to the freemen of Lombardy.

The general direction of police is abolished, the Director General, the Councilors and superior commissaries of police attached to the General Police Office cease to exercise their functions.

The superior police offices in the provinces are likewise abolished, and the superior commissaries of police in the provinces cease to exercise their functions.

In every province there will be established a *quosora* of public security, for which a *quosora* will be named by the head of that office.

The provincial *quosora* of public security will depend from the *Intendente Generale*.

The *Royal Carbiners* will be armed for the maintenance of public security, and they will be subject to the laws and regulations which concern them.

Every free nation has an instinctive dread of any measure approaching to martial law, but by article thirty-six of this famous decree the Italians were handed over from a citizen police to the mercy (perhaps care) of the "Royal Carbiners" of the Sardinian speculators, just as the last Austrian soldier left the gates of Milan.

Can Italy rule herself, or is the vaunted capacity of her people for self-government a fallacy?

The decree winds up thus: We order that this present decree, sealed with our State seal, should be inserted in the archives of the State, and that every one whom it concerns respect it and make it respected.

VICTORIO EMANUELE.  
C. CAVOUR.

Given in Milan, June 8, 1859.

Our readers will see that the document is dated at Milan, on the 8th of June—the day the allies entered the place—and purports to be signed by the King and Cavour, then and there. Now it will be recollected that Cavour was in or about Turin on that day, so that the assertion that he affixed his sign manual to the decree in Milan is a contradiction of the truth. We have no doubt but that the paper was drawn up long before the 8th of June, leaving the place for the date blank, in the hope of Micawber, that something "would turn up," and that the peripatetic "liberators" of Italy used it when occasion offered, just as Garibaldi is now using proclamations full of seeming extemporaneous adjurations to liberty, when the papers were printed to order for the revolutionary committee in London, many months since, and all the high sounding phrases inserted to order.

The last line of the decree is a little Czarish, coming as it does from the plant agent of Cavour and the stipendiary of a Napoleon, when it tells "all whom the decree concerns to respect it and cause it to be respected." What! is there to be no dissent? Is the king immaculate? Can Cavour do no wrong! It looks as if the Lombards and others in Italy must believe so, for they are commanded to respect the extraordinary decree universally.

Imperialism is the same in spirit in every quarter of the globe, and perhaps Victor Emanuel, having experienced a reaction of spirit after his defeat at Novara, is now running on towards the point of absolute dictation assumed by his colleague, Napoleon. We find, however, that a Chinese Viceroy, of whom we lately read, can wind up a government order in a style as commanding as either of the European potentates. Says Hoy, Chinese Imperial Commissioner in the city of Meinchow, lately issued a proclamation which ended thus:

Ope me not, or your punishment will be severe. I am your guardian, and wish to protect you in happiness.

This is just about as much and not more than Victor Emanuel has ordered the "Italian nation" to do towards his Lombard annexation decree, the only difference being found in the fact that Says Hoy, of Meinchow, had his commission in his pocket, and was thus a constituted fact, while Victor Emanuel in Milan had no right to speak, except that resulting from a general disorganization produced by the most foul and treacherous devices. In the midst of this disorder he gratifies his malignant disposition, rendered more sour by the defeats of himself and his father by the Austrians, by clamoring against constituted rule, just as in case of city riots in New York, it would be found that the most worthless and impoverished of the inhabitants would shout the loudest against civic authority and the rights of property resulting from honest industry.

Cavour and Victor Emanuel raising a revolution in Italy, and travelling from place to place and town to town, in order to lay hands on city treasuries, and annex, if possible, free territory to their grinding rule, reminds us of the operations of that freebooter, Jonathan Wild, who, when pretending to extreme piety, and endeavoring, as he said, to convert sinners, was in the habit of letting his confederate pickpockets into his tabernacle. Thus while he gave out prayers with upturned eyes, and the congregation looked upward, the light-fingered gentry eased their pockets of the cash and divided the spoils with the reverend gentleman.

So it is in Italy. Victor Emanuel tells the people to look upward after the shade of the old Roman glory, and then steals away their city chattels, cash, and land, in order to feed himself and his cormorant minister.

We are sorry to see the French people dragged in the wake of the trickster's car, and standing around his Italian pulpit of false pretenses.

#### CARDINAL ANTONELLI AND HIS ACQUISERS.

M. About, a Frenchman, and we should suppose a Catholic, at least in name, has lately published a book respecting the Papal Government. It is filled with false statements and misrepresentations. Some things which he relates he may have seen, but other subjects which he treats of can have no existence except in his own vivid imagination. He assails persons and things indiscriminately, so far as he deems it will suit the public feeling connected with the present state of Italy. Cardinal Antonelli is the special object of his dislike. His inclinations lean toward Austria, and this is enough to cause the Frenchman to dip his pen in the bitterest gaul. Among other things he charges him with never saying mass or hearing confessions, and he adds that his life is not the most exemplary. That the Cardinal does not perform the duties of the sacerdotal office arises from the fact of his not being a priest, and M. About would never have made this as a ground of accusation if he were acquainted with the nature of the Cardinalate. There are seventy Cardinals, divided into three different orders: Cardinal bishops, Cardinal priests and Cardinal deacons. The Cardinal bishops are six in number, and consist of those who preside over the Suburban sees of Velletri, Porto, Albano, Palestrina, Sabina and Frascati. The Cardinal priests, are fifty in number, and have several churches assigned to them in Rome, which are called their titles, and in which they exercise jurisdiction. The Cardinal Deacons have likewise churches which are their titles, and in which they have similar authority. Their usual dress is well known: the red hat has now become an object with which we are all familiar. In the solemn functions connected with

the papal chapel they all wear the mitre, which is an emblem of their jurisdiction. The Cardinal Bishops also wear copes; the Cardinal Priests, chasubles, and the Cardinal deacons, dalmatics, the distinctive mark of their respective orders. The Cardinal Bishops are all of the Episcopal order. Among the Cardinal priests some are Bishops, and all are required to be in Priest's orders. The Cardinal Deacons have some in their order who are Priests, though it is only required that they should be in Holy Orders. Amongst the latter ranks Cardinal Antonelli, who is only a Deacon, and therefore cannot say Mass or hear confessions, which belong to the priesthood. Had M. About taken the trouble to inquire into the facts which we have now stated, and with which all who write about the Papal court are supposed to be familiar, he would not have brought as a matter of accusation against Cardinal Antonelli his not doing these things which he has no power or authority to perform. The life which a Cardinal leads is in itself a sufficient answer to the other charges. His allowance from the government is somewhat more than four thousand dollars a year: out of this he pays for an expensive suit of apartments, which consumes one-fourth of his income; with the remainder he supports the equipage and servants, which he is required to maintain as a Prince of the Papal States. His morning, after the spiritual exercises of the day, is devoted to study and preparing his observations on the different causes which have been committed to him as a member of the Congregation of Cardinals to which he may belong. His meals are usually taken alone, and of the simplest fare, for he devotes to charity what others spend in the luxury of the table. His afternoons are occupied in visiting some church in the city or in the neighborhood of Rome, where he makes his devotions. Cardinal Antonelli may be seen almost every evening of the week proceeding to visit his mother, who resides in a *palazzo*, near his titular church of *S. Agata in Subura*, for amid the cares which devolve on him as Secretary of State, he does not forget the claims of filial piety. After the attempt which had been made on his life a few years since, the police might be seen watching at the corner of the street to keep away suspicious characters. So well did the *carbonari* know his usual habits that it was feared another attack might be made on him. Such a mode of spending one's day may not, perhaps, agree with the ideas of some, but it cannot be denied that it is what best becomes a prince of the church.

#### THE FALLACIES OF THE WAR.

To propagate a fallacy with respect to the most grave matters of political economy, and to present deception to the world as a true view of existing affairs, is a crime against society, whilst to permit the delusion to pass into history uncontradicted by those who have the means of refuting it, is, in our opinion, an offence committed against the public at large, and in some measure an outrage *a priori* against posterity.

We are convinced that the allied sovereigns of France and Sardinia, in the induction of the present war in Italy, and the representing to the other rulers and peoples of the world that it is a struggle really and truly commenced by the inhabitants of that country, unmoved by any other cause than the so-called oppression of Austrian rule in Lombardy, have been guilty of the first charge; whilst our endeavors in THE RECORD to put our readers in possession of the true aspect of the case, have evinced our anxiety to be held free from the second.

It is persistently asserted that Austria forced on the war; that the entire people

of Italy were ready to rise against her rule months before the conflict commenced; that the King of Sardinia was long regarded as a coming liberator by them; that the Emperor Napoleon allied himself with him from the most generous and disinterested motives, and out of a pure love of human liberty; and that the prospects of Italian "unity" are now very bright, owing to the march of so many thousands of armed men through Lombardy, and the fact of their fighting so many bloody battles on her plains.

We regard all these assertions as public fallacies.

Last New Year's morning everything was peaceful and quiet in the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, until when at noon on that day the Emperor Napoleon offered his open insult to the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, and thus threw aside the veil of a mercenary conspiracy which had been hatching in Sardinia for months—and in which he permitted himself to become participant—against the government of Francis Joseph in the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, as well as against the treaty of Vienna in its most prominent and vital clauses. It is easy of proof that, even prior to the 1st of January and immediately afterwards, the most violent and ribald manifestos were circulated from Sardinia all over the Italian provinces, calling on the young men, particularly, to organize themselves against Austria and the other existing governments supposed to be in favor of her rule, and that, contrary to the equity usages of nations and the good faith of monarchs, Victor Emanuel was privy to their distribution, and even their printing on the continent. By such means were the most worthless classes of Italian society induced to combine in another assault upon law, order and property, as in 1848.

When Napoleon sent his declaration of war into the French Legislative Chambers on the 3d of May, he said:

"Austria, in causing her army to enter the territory of the King of Sardinia, our ally, declares war against us."

This was uttered in order to begot the idea that Austria was unusually aggressive, and that he was, as it were, compelled to support the King of Sardinia.

This was a delusion and palpable fallacy.

Why did Austria send an increased force across the Ticino? In reply we publish, as one from many, a few extracts from a circular, signed by Garibaldi and addressed to the "National Society of Italy," which was written in Turin as early as the 1st of March of the present year, and distributed all over the provinces. In regard to the coming hostilities then determined on by Victor Emanuel and his revolutionary aids, it advises:

No sooner have hostilities commenced between Piedmont and Austria, than you will at once rise in insurrection to the cry of "Viva l'Italia a Vittorio Emanuele—Out with the Austrians." If insurrection should be impossible in your own town, all young men able to bear arms will leave it, and proceed to the nearest town where insurrection has been already successful, or is likely to be so. Among neighboring towns you will choose those nearest to Piedmont, where all Italian forces should be concentrated.

Regular troops who will embarrass the national cause will at once be sent into Piedmont. Wherever the insurrection is successful, the men who stand highest in the popular estimation will assume military and civil authority, with the title of Provisional Commissioner for King Victor Emanuel, and will maintain it until the arrival of the Commissioner despatched by the Piedmontese Government.

He will not allow of the establishment of political journals, but he will publish a bulletin of all facts which it is necessary to make public.

Until the time referred to in the first article of these instructions, you will use every means in your power for manifesting the aversion which Italy feels for the Austrian domination, and for the governments dependent on Austria, as well as her love for independence and her confidence in the House of Savoy and the Piedmontese Government; but you will do all in your power to prevent unavailing or isolated movements.

For the President, the Marquis PALLAVICINO.  
The Vice-President, GAMBALDI.  
Turin, March 1, 1859.

Will any person who reads the above believe that the most nefarious efforts were not made by the King of Sardinia in order to create a civil war in Italy, and that he did not, even at that period, shape the vora-



cious programme of territorial annexation which he has thus far endeavored to carry out, in order to recruit his bankrupt treasury and maintain the filibuster reputation of his house, a house that, having successfully thrown off the grub-worm slime of hireling soldiers, has not been content, lately, to appear in even the butterfly trappings of kingly state among the Powers to whom its best men formerly sold their swords for pay, but must have something more?

If any one of a contrary opinion, he believes in a fallacy.

Could such a circular be sent all over Lombardy without the cognizance of the Emperor of France? Not at all; for from the very day on which he seized on the throne of that country he infused such activity into his secret agents that the telegraph wires scarcely operate without his knowing the purport of the message so carried. The state of suspense which induced this vigilance constituted the main cause which made him the more readily seize on Garibaldi and the other revolutionists, and endeavor to turn their wrath from himself by allowing their passions full scope in another sphere.

To believe in his disinterestedness in the matter of the war would be indeed a fallacy.

Instead of Austria precipitating the war, we find that on the 23d of April last she permitted Sardinia three days in order to reduce her unnecessary war armaments, a great condescension towards such a petty Power, but instead of Victor Emanuel replying, we find on the following day the organization of the commands of the "French army of the Alps" was perfected and the names of the Generals announced in Paris. This is a proof that a perfect understanding existed between Sardinia and France to have a war "unde vel unde" with Austria. On the 25th of April the first body of French troops passed the western frontier of Sardinia, near Chambery, and by that act proclaimed the will of the Emperor that hostilities should commence in Italy even before the three days for the consideration of Austria's peace proposals had expired.

To assert, therefore, that Austria ruthlessly precipitated the war, is a fallacy.

Instead of the fervent popular outburst for freedom which we were told would hail the French army of "liberators," we find that the Italians had to be stimulated to carry on the war by almost daily appeals to their passions, couched in the same strain to that of Garibaldi quoted above, and that these documents are thrown out of the Lombard territory by returned revolutionists and paid agents, whilst their dates and style of composition would seem to indicate that they were all drawn off and printed beforehand, and perhaps labelled in gross "To be used as required."

Instead of evincing a desire to infuse a more liberal idea of self-government amongst the people, or relaxing the reins of kingly rule in Italy, we see that thus far the war has produced the very opposite effect; for Victor Emanuel, in order not to lose time in seizing on the strong robber's share of plunder, has actually prevailed so far as to deprive a number of independent States of their constitutions and issue orders of annexation of territory here and there not surpassed in rapidity of announcement and greed of acquisition by the decrees of Napoleon the First. In this connection we see that he immediately deprived the Sardinians themselves of the shadow of that free constitution which they enjoyed lately under himself and Cavour; and, under pretence of the exigencies of war, rules over them as a military dictator.

Owing to Victor Emanuel's infamous action in Tuscany, the Grand Duke of that State was driven out of it on the 29th of April, and a factitious provisional government formed. This body held office only three days, when it assassinated away the rights of the people to

a military Lieutenant of the King of Sardinia who has exercised power ever since by martial law, as—we suppose—was laid down in the programme.

Parma has lost its government and constitution, and we know that the most knavish and hireling efforts have been made to incite revolution in Bologna and other cities of the Papal States in order to give the guerrillas of the suburbs an opportunity of inviting the disturber of his country to lay hands on the government. Indeed we are told that he has already done so in Bologna.

Such have been the effects of the war, in a constitutional point of view, from Florence to Milan, up to this period; and if any of our readers think that the Italians have got a larger amount of liberty from it, he certainly labors under the delusion of a fallacy.

Is the country benefited? No; for two hundred millions of dollars would not pay for all the roads, bridges, railways, crops, and dwellings that have been already destroyed, not to mention the thousands of brave men who have been killed at Montebello, Magenta, and now on the Mincio, and the total demoralization which must ensue in a country cursed by such unprincipled and ambitious money-seeking men as Victor Emanuel and his agent Cavour.

The Emperor Napoleon, in his address to the "People of Italy," issued from Milan, said:—

*"If there are men who cannot understand the epoch they live in, I am not of that number! In a sound state of public opinion, at this time of day, men become greater by the moral influence they exert than by barren conquests. I seek with pride that moral influence by contributing to render free the most beautiful land in Europe."*

Now in this his Majesty resorted to a good deal of clap-trap style to obtain a favorable judgment from Italy and the world. As we understand the "epoch in which we live," its main feature is that of human progress testified to in our own happy republic, and most of the countries of the Old World, by a free press, free speech, free banks, free legislatures and ample popular franchises, uncontrolled elections, a free scope for individual speculation in financial matters, railroads, canals, public works, and general peace, so long as a just cause does not peremptorily demand the unsheathing of the sword in war. Has his Majesty been up to the epoch in which we live in any one of these points? We lament—for the sake of the high-souled, generous, Catholic and gallant people over whom he rules—to say that he has not; but has, in France, contradicted many of them. Not only is the press of France shackled by government censorship, but the journals of the United States and England sent to subscribers in that country are criticized by police agents and destroyed in the Paris Post-office if found to contain free comments on the Emperor's policy. This is known to the proprietors of all the leading daily papers of New York and London; and we are well aware that the number of the RECORD containing these remarks will not be delivered to any of our friends in Paris. That freedom of speech in political matters is denied to the people of France can be proven by the fact that many have been arrested and are now in prison for commenting on the present war and saying they were of opinion that "his Majesty's victories were dearly won," as also, that the Legislative Senate is nominated by the Emperor and paid by the treasury, whilst the Chambers is made up of men elected by the army and prefects. Financial speculation in France is entirely subject to the control of the Bank of Credit Mobilier, a huge monetary monster, which is presided over by De Morney, Walewski, and other notabilities of whom our Wall street men would be very cautious, and who have reaped fortunes by the most gigantic system of operating in the stocks of the government, and to whom the present war is quite a windfall, as, having hourly information from the Emperor about the true state of the case, they can publish reports such as suits them to depress securi-

ties, then buy them, and immediately inflate them by news of a "glorious victory" and sell. Thus in a good measure do the French court agents provide for reverses at the expense of the people.

With such a state of affairs at home we are of opinion that Napoleon should have been chary of lending his countenance to the circulation of revolutionary papers in Italy, and holding forth in Milan on the "epoch" in which we live.

Our readers will, we think, agree with us that the cry of "Liberty" and "Independence" for Italy, and "love of popular rights" raised by Cavour and reiterated by Victor Emanuel and Napoleon, is a fallacy put forth to cover the most selfish purposes, and likely to induce the most disastrous results.

Public fallacies by public men are crimes against the people.

## LATEST FROM EUROPE.

### PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN ITALY.

The Most Terrible Fight of the Campaign.

### BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

ANOTHER VICTORY OF THE FRENCH.

### ATTITUDE OF PRUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

The Red Republics at Work in the Papal States.

By the arrival of the Hungarian at Quebec, and City of Baltimore and Arago at New York, we have advices from Europe dated on the 30th of June.

### IRELAND.

WHAT IRELAND DEMANDS OF ENGLAND.—His Grace of Cashel, joined by his clergy, has addressed the following statement and appeal on behalf of the Irish people, by whose votes and exertions they were returned, to the present Irish Liberal representatives:

What are the measures Ireland demands? Several: but among them some are concerned in by all true friends of Ireland—are of more urgent necessity—are more likely to be speedily obtained, and when obtained would be auxiliary to the attainment of others. Upon those of more urgent necessity it would be wise in us to bring all our present efforts to bear, postponing others to another time. And first stands the settlement of the land question in such a way as to protect the industry of the tenant, and secure to him full compensation for all existing improvements which add to the letting value of his holding, without, however, interfering with the just rights of the landlord. This is confessedly a measure of paramount necessity. Next comes the ballot to protect the voter in the honest exercise of the franchise, just as a measure of Tenant Right would protect his honest industry. Without the ballot the franchise would in many instances be worse than a nullity, the Irish farmer the political slave of the landlord; without the Tenant Right his industry would be paralyzed, and he himself with his industrious hard-working family left to depend for existence on the mere will of the landlord. In truth, to extend the franchise without the protection of the ballot, would be to extend temptations to political corruption, or to multiply quarrels between landlord and tenant; it would be to place the new with the old recipients of the franchise in the alternative of sacrificing conscience to interest or interest to conscience. Relieve the honest Irish tenant farmer from this dilemma. Let the ballot be an integral portion of the Reform Bill. When, however, we insist on the necessity of the ballot we speak of things as they are—we suppose the condition of the tenant elector to remain otherwise as unprotected as it now is. But were Tenant Right once passed into a law, the protection thus afforded, together with the force of public opinion, might render the ballot less necessary. Then the Catholic people of Ireland demand free Catholic education from the lowest to the highest, separate intermediate schools, a charter for the Catholic University; and these things they demand because, apart from other considerations—apart from the intrinsic justice of the demand—they have a right to expect they would be dealt with upon the same terms as the Catholics of Great Britain, of Canada, of Aus-

tralia, and of other parts of the British dominions, where Catholic education is free; nay, in some instances favored by the State's charter. Furthermore, they demand the free exercise of and protection for their religion, with competent religious instruction on equal terms with Protestants, for Catholics in the army, in naval and military schools, in workhouses, in prisons, and in other public establishments. The instalment of justice already granted to the Catholic soldier, and with so good a grace, is an earnest of a larger measure of justice, and an argument in favor of this further demand. What has been done is a direct encouragement to demand that more be done, and not to cease asking until full justice is done to all Catholics in public establishments, of what kind soever they may be, under the control of the State. Lastly, all Ireland cries out for a remedy to the Poor Law grievance. The Poor Law, intended for the relief of a people for the most part Catholic, are administered by an exclusive Protestant Board of Commissioners, who, having to do with matters of Catholic discipline, are day after day most inconveniently, sometimes offensively, oftentimes to the serious detriment of the spiritual interests of the poor, involving themselves, by reason of their ignorance of such discipline, in contests with Poor Law Guardians, with Catholic Chaplains, with Catholic Bishops, and in the fullness of their zeal are seeking by the force of assumed law, having no real existence, to the Law grievance. The poor deserted children of Catholic parents. Other measures too there are which Ireland has a right to, and will demand at the proper time. For the present, it seems best to confine our attention to those indicated, as being of urgent necessity, as well as for other reasons. We call upon you then, without delay to press upon the government, the justice, the expediency, the necessity, of settling the land question, the ballot question, the question of free Catholic education, with that of separate intermediate schools, and a charter for the Catholic University, the question of freedom, protection, and competent provision of the power of the religion, for Catholics in our public establishments, and, finally, the Poor-law question. These once settled, other questions will come in due time. And, viewing the present position of parties, we have the firmest conviction there could be no better means for arriving at a speedy and satisfactory settlement of these questions than for the Irish Liberal members to hold themselves independent of every government, Tory, Whig, or mixed, that will not take in hand in good earnest these measures of simple justice, and to be prepared to resist all temptations to promote the advent of a power of government unfavourably disposed to Ireland. Not that we would be understood to counsel a merely factious or obstructive course of proceeding, but only such fair and legitimate line of action as is warranted by the parliamentary usage of parties, directed, however, not to the end of serving party purposes, but that of securing justice for a whole people. Neither do we assume to dictate to you the course of public conduct it becomes you, as members of parliament, to adopt. That is none of our intention. But we are the pastors of our people—trusted by them, and their true longed-for friends, loving them, and loved by them—bound up with them for better, for worse—of them, from them, and for them; and standing towards them in this relation, at once so close and so dear, it surely cannot be viewed in the light of a dictation if we express to you, who have been returned by the longed-for friends, loving them, and loved by them—bound up with them for better, for worse—of them, from them, and for them; and standing towards them in this relation, at once so close and so dear, it surely cannot be viewed in the light of a dictation if we express to you, who have been returned by the longed-for friends, loving them, and loved by them—bound up with them for better, for worse—of them, from them, and for them; and standing towards them in this relation, at once so close and so dear, it surely cannot be viewed in the light of a dictation if we express to you, who have been returned by the longed-for friends, loving them, and loved by them—bound up with them for better, for worse—of them, from them, and for them; 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on the word "fire." Then the Indian Empire followed suite, and though her firing was not marked with such minute precision as was displayed by the *Jenny* on board the *Admiral*, yet the guns were very well served, and the salute awoke the echoes on sea and shore, though we presume the rural population on the Munster, as well as on the Connaught, side, had very little idea of what purpose the gunpowder was expended for, and could probably trace it to no other purpose than the indication of a hostile invasion. But it was happily otherwise; it was the celebration of an event indicative of progress for Galway, and advancing prosperity for Ireland.

[Galway Vindicator.

POSTAL COMMUNICATION WITH AMERICA VIA GALWAY.—On Thursday was published a Parliamentary paper, containing the correspondence, &c., relative to postal communication with North America via Galway. The result was the acceptance by government of the tender of the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company, on terms already known to the public. The service will not commence until June, 1860. The Lords of the Treasury (26th March, 1859) refused to dispense with the conditions requiring a communication with New York via St. John's, Newfoundland, in six days; but an arrangement will be consented to by which the communication with either St. John's or Halifax within six days, and the landing of passengers, can be secured without obliging the postal steamers of the company to incur the delay and difficulty of going into the port of St. John's or Halifax.

[Galway Vindicator.

THE RELIGIOUS EPIDEMIC IN IRELAND.—The contagion of physical and mental excitement is irresistible. A violent enthusiasm, an outrageous physical demonstration of excitement or the concurrence of some half-dozen fanatics, has constantly been successful, at various periods, and in a hundred different localities, in exciting limited populations to a state of agitation, and even of frenzy. It is not necessary to recur to the history of the Munster Anabaptists, the Beguins, or the Fratricelli, to recall incidents which have been marked by excesses of a shameful character, committed under the influence of a state of physical effervescence, to which religious fanaticism added peculiar violence. The history of recent "revivals" in the American States has exhibited similar phases of excitement and morbid force. Recently such "revivals" have been imported into this kingdom, and unwilling to behold ancient follies of so injurious a character renewed amongst Englishmen, we feel bound to protest against the continuance of practices which have the effect of inducing a perfectly diseased condition of mind and body amongst those who are influenced by them, and which cannot be considered less prejudicial to health and reason than they are repugnant to decency, and subversive of public order.

The accounts given by eye witnesses of the Irish "revivals" in Belfast, present vivid pictures of epidemic disease, such as no instructed physician can fail to recognise. Those who are "taken" display all the symptoms of contagious hysteria, such as are occasionally witnessed in female wards of large hospitals, and amongst the inmates of boarding schools. The frantic tone of religious frenzy which is peculiar to these revivals, adds a note of higher exultation to the excitement, and seems to be considered as a justification for manifestations more than commonly outrageous. The "sufferers" display various phases of hysteria, coma, and epileptiform convulsions. A young married woman was seized during the night with proxioms of violent convulsions and bodily agitation, and continued next day in a very excited state, her eyes widely dilated and staring at vacancy. In one factory five cases occurred amongst the young women in the course of two or three hours. Some were thoroughly prostrated and speechless, the nervous system completely relaxed; others in a state of the highest fury and convulsion, struggling violently, shouting and screaming, and wildly tossing about their cards. These are the symptoms of violent hysteria. One institute that condition amongst one or two of a large company of females, and rigorous measures need to be taken to prevent it from spreading through the whole body. Free and pitiless drenching with cold water, and separation of those "taken" would quickly reduce the revival. All means, however, are employed by the organizers of the agitation to increase its violence. The blasphemous ravings, which are based upon the heated imaginations of these half-mad girls, are quoted and recited, and the utmost excess of language and demeanor are favoured as the special evidences of peculiar inspiration. We omit all mention of the insane and indecent follies which are held to be "indicia" of conversion; but they are such as evidence a temporary unsettling of the reason amongst the knaves who en-

courage the evil. The howls of the organizers are such as "would drive sensible people mad." The heat of the weather; the strange excitement of the scene; the stretch of expectation; the alterations of physical condition, fasting with some, and rioting with others; the familiar invocation of sacred names, contribute to sustain a pitiable delusion, which is productive of utter social disorganization, and considerable individual mischief. It certainly is not surprising, as a conclusion to this general *tapage*, that several persons have gone to lunatic asylums, and others are under restraint in their own houses.

[London Lancet.

#### ITALY.

The war in Italy was still waged with unabated ardor on both sides. One of the fiercest battles ever recorded was fought on the 24th June, between the allied troops of France and Sardinia on the one side, and the Austrian army on the other. It takes the name of the battle of Solferino from the fact that the issue of the fight took place there by the Austrian army giving way after a conflict of sixteen hours' duration, the tide of the engagement rolling and surging during that period along a line extending over fifteen miles.

Before the battle commenced, the allied forces had advanced in full strength to the west (right) bank of the Mincio River, the Austrians having taken positions in force on the east (left) bank, in the direction and near to the famous historic quadrangle formed by the fortresses of Verona, Peschiera, Mantua and Legnano. On the 24th ult. the Austrians crossed from the left to the right bank of the Mincio, and met the allies, proffering them battle. The engagement immediately commenced, and in a short time as many as three hundred and fifty thousand men were engaged in the small space of a few miles, bounded by the Alps on one side, the hills of Volta on the other, and river Chiese, running on to the plain of Mantua, with the Mincio in front and rear.

The Austrian army occupied Pozzolo, Solferino and Cavriana, and early in the day drove the French back as far as Guidizzolo and Castelfidardo. Later in the day the struggle centred at Solferino, and Gen. Wimpfen of Austria, encountered the right wing of the French with success, whilst the Austrian right wing drove off the Piedmontese with heavy loss. About this time the centre of the Austria force, weakened by extension, suddenly gave way, and the day was lost to them, with "extraordinarily heavy losses," as reported in Vienna.

A retreat of the Austrians over the Mincio began at night, and appears to have been effected in an orderly manner. Once on the other side they remained unmolested, and they established their headquarters where they were before, at Villafranca.

It appears as if the Sardinian army was almost, if not quite, decimated in the tempest. Although six days have elapsed from the day of the fight, no official reports of the engagement had been published in Paris. The Emperor had telegraphed "great victory, thirty guns and six thousand prisoners taken," but acknowledges that the splendid army of France was paralyzed by the shock of the Austrians for the next two days. They, however, crossed the Mincio to the east bank, after the Austrians.

The Emperor of Austria would not hear talk of a peace, and was sanguine of recovering all the ground he had lost in Lombardy.

It was said that Napoleon would soon return to Paris.

#### PRUSSIA.

The war excitement continued all over Germany. Prussia had mobilized her army by order of the Prince Regent to the extent of eight army corps. The total strength of the troops, including artilleries, engineers, sappers and miners, staff, &c., amounts to 400,000 men, or about 45,000 each *corps d'armes*. This is without the second ban of the landwehr, which is only called out in extreme cases, and numbers 175,000, raising the entire military force of Prussia to 575,000 men. The six corps already placed on the war establishment, consist of 215,000 infantry and 36,000 cavalry, with 792 pieces of cannon and a baggage train of 3,942 wagons, and from this force an army of observation would be sent to the Rhine.

This movement has had the effect of cooling the fire of Napoleon's sympathisers in Europe very much, and we find that Lord Palmerston has reasserted the neutrality of England in as plain terms as Lord Derby announced it. The London Morning Post (Palmerston's organ) has already sketched the terms of peace propositions to come from the neutral Powers, adding the hope that Prussia will remain so.

#### PAPAL STATES.

The revolutionary conspirators who aid Napoleon have given the greatest annoyance to the Holy Father since our last report in

The RECORD, and the most outrageous bursts of popular violence, instigated by the Sardinians, acting under arrangement with Napoleon, have taken place in the cities of the Legations. It is said, however, that Napoleon finds this part of the subject to get rather embarrassing, and that he has endeavored to check the territorial rapacity of Victor Emanuel and the infidel vehemence of Cavour as applied to the States of the Church in some measure. Indeed it is now hinted that, as in most of his former promises, he will prove faithless to the House of Savoy, and that if the Austrians leave Lombardy he will propose that the different Italian States shall choose their form of government and rulers by an election conducted on the universal suffrage plan of the people. If this be so it is easy to see that the man with the greatest army and the most money—Sardinia has not a cent—will get all the places, and that thrones and Presidencies will likely rise up, under the sham form of election, for all the Napoleons who hang around Paris.

Lord Palmerston says it is likely that the Pope will "secularize his government of his own accord," proving clearly that even his Lordship is afraid to loosen the key-stone of the royal arch on which the thrones of Europe rest their title.

#### FRANCE.

Another money loan and large army reinforcements were to be asked in Paris, but as yet the people have gained actually nothing by their immense sacrifice of life and treasure.

#### AUSTRIA.

Austria was marching one hundred and seventy-five thousand men, the flower of her army, to the seat of war, and her formidable contingents in Tyrol had not been called out, although the people of that district were full of loyalty to the throne and hatred of the French.

It is most probable that all her great fortresses will have to be besieged one by one by the allies before she thinks of relinquishing her title to the provinces of Lombardy.

#### ENGLAND.

The English Parliament has not met in session.

Mr. Richard Cobden was added to the new Cabinet, and the people were universally in favor of a strict neutrality in the war and of having the country in a thorough state of defence, showing that they still doubt the faith of Napoleon.

#### RUSSIA.

Russia, it is said, is delighted at the progress of events in Italy. She is glad that Austria is weakened, because she did not aid the Czar in the Crimean war; she is delighted that France is reducing her strength in an unprofitable struggle, because France took Sebastopol, and she vaunts over the fact that by her naval demonstration in the Mediterranean she has coerced England into neutrality.

#### NAPLES.

It is said that the young King of Naples has tendered the services of an army to the Holy Father, in order to garrison Rome and the other cities of his States.

#### WAR MISCELLANY.

##### INCIDENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE WOUNDED IN THE HANDS OF THE ALLIES.—Napoleon had ordered as many as forty thousand additional beds for the use of the wounded of all parties on his hands. Almost every public building in Milan was converted into a hospital, and a hall of extreme length was used for nothing else than surgical operations and amputations. All these places were attended by the Sisters of Charity. The general appearance of the wounded is described as most ghastly.

PERIL AND LOSSES OF THE SARDINIANS AT SOLFERINO.—At one period of the fight the Austrians completely surrounded the Sardinian troops, who cut their way out in some hours. On this occasion alone the Sardinians had one thousand men killed and a proportionate number wounded.

LATEST REPORTS FROM THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.—Napoleon telegraphed to the Empress from Cavriana on the 28th of June: "The French army is crossing the Mincio." So that four days had elapsed from the day of the fight before the troops could move, owing to the dreadful shock they sustained at Solferino. Some writers from the field consider the Austrians as completely, if not finally, routed, but others thought they would fight many more such battles.

AUSTRIAN LOSSES IN THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.—The Vienna journals publish an official account of the losses of the Austrians at the battle of Magenta, viz: 63 officers and 1,302

soldiers killed, 218 officers and 4,130 soldiers wounded, and 4,000 soldiers missing.

ANOTHER OF CAVOUR'S SLANDERS REFUTED.—An official contradiction has arrived from Austrian authorities of the story which has gone the round of Europe, of nine Piedmontese peasants being taken out of their house and shot by the road-side at the command of the Austrian General Urban, who was identified and marked out for the execration of history, by his visiting-card, with his Count's coronet and name upon it, handed by him to the witness on whose credit the story was alleged to rest. Many falsehoods do appear in the press, and, indeed, since the famous advice of Voltaire was given, mendacity in the cause of Liberalism has been reduced to a system, but this particular falsehood has been propagated by a prime minister, it has been embodied in a State paper, and with the signature of Count Cavour has been sent to the embassies of the European States. Now it is contradicted, but it has already served its purpose.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.—The Correspondent of The London Times, writing from Paris on the 16th, says:—"It is pretty certain that all Italians are not overjoyed at the off-hand manner in which the King of Sardinia is proceeding on his work of liberation, and accepting gifts of territory from the hands of his Suzerain. There are many patriots who have not co-operated in this work of Italian independence merely for the territorial aggrandisement of Victor Emanuel. What they desire is independence not only of the Austrian or of the French, but equally so of the Piedmontese. They cry out against the slight of hand—the *economato*, as they term it,—which was made by Cavour in really taking possession of Lombardy; and I know of several Italians who leave Paris with the avowed object of resisting this invasion on the part of the Piedmontese liberators. Their motto is 'Confederation,' and not 'Fusion.' The Lombards will not be Piedmontese any more than Tuscans, or Modenese, or Parmeseans, or Neapolitans; and it would not be surprising if civil war followed any attempt to force them into submission.

JEALOUSIES BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND THEIR ALLIES.—At Milan the enthusiasm is as great as ever; but it is a rather remarkable fact, that both French and Milanese agree in abusing the gallant soldiers of Piedmont, and Victor Emanuel himself finds no favour in their eyes. The annexation with Piedmont is by no means popular, and the only thing that could reconcile them to it would be the selection of Milan for the kingdom of North Italy instead of Turin. The Emperor of the French evidently knows what he is about. No opportunity of politely snubbing the Piedmontese is neglected, and the Milanese are delighted at this. The ill feeling between the French and Piedmontese, which I have already noticed in previous letters, grows daily more intense. There are wicked people here who go so far as to say that it is not only winked at by an august personage, but that it is openly encouraged. Great indignation is felt here at the imputations circulated by the French, that it was the fault of the Piedmontese that the battle of Magenta was not more decisive. The public swear that the fate of the day was decided only by the arrival of Victor Emanuel's troops in the field—but I must say I consider this doubtful. If it were really the case, why did they not pursue the enemy? The fact is, they were not, at any time during the day, within six miles of the Ticino, and when they did begin to move forward the roads were so encumbered by the wagon train and ambulances of the French that their progress was considerably retarded.

HOW THE ITALIAN PEASANTRY REGARD THE AUSTRIANS.—Turin, June 17. I have just returned from a trip to Lombardy, and have visited successively Pavia, Lodi, Melegnano, and Milan. I have spoken with Frenchmen and village priests, and Italian *contadini*, and the conclusion I have arrived at is, that whilst in the towns the French are everywhere hailed as deliverers, the peasants and the rural priesthood, who are quite as powerful as they are in Ireland, are to a man in favour of the Austrians. Indeed one thing seems very evident, that the grinding tyranny of the Austrians of which we have heard so much, has not been, at all events, exercised against those least able to bear it; and that if undue severity has been exerted to keep in order the turbulent population of the towns, the tiller of the soil, the peaceful husbandman, has received every encouragement to his labour and enterprise. The taxation of rural labour and property is actually not so great in Lombardy as it is in Piedmont.

The Monitor des Architectes says the improvements of Paris cost 22,000,000 francs in 1850, 28,000,000 in 1851, 28,000,000 in 1852, and 260,000,000 since then. Total, 326,000,000 francs, or £13,883,333!



## CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

## DOMESTIC.

**LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE GERMAN CATHOLIC INSTITUTE, CINCINNATI.**—The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new German Catholic Institute, corner of Vine and Longworth streets, was performed on the 23d ult., and attended by almost countless thousands of persons. The day was lovely, and being a Catholic festival occasion—Corpus Christi—nearly the entire foreign population, Germans and Irish, turned out, and either joined in the ceremonies, or perambulated the streets in their best attire.

At two o'clock the procession formed on Plinn street, under the direction of Grand Marshal G. H. Uphoff, and marched through the route designated in the programme.

Arrived upon the ground, the procession counter-marched, and the Grand Marshal and his Aids, on horseback, led the way to the spot selected for the laying of the stone, on the north-east corner of the lot. Archbishop Purcell and Bishop Hanly followed, accompanied by the Officers, Directors and Trustees of the Institute. The throng of thousands respectfully fell back, and uncovered their heads.

The venerable Archbishop advanced to the stone, which was opened to receive a sealed glass containing the articles to be deposited, and after a prayer and blessing, in which he invoked the favor of Almighty God upon the enterprise, the corner stone was adjusted in its proper place by the architects and masons. The ceremony was brief but impressive, and the crowd dispersed to gather around the stands erected for the spectators.

Brief addresses were made by the Most Rev. Archbishop, P. McGroarty, D. X. McLeod, and other gentlemen. Take it altogether, the occasion was one of the most interesting that has been celebrated for many years.

**CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF ST. PAUL'S.**—Right Rev. Thomas Grace, O. P., of Memphis, will be consecrated Bishop of St. Paul's, Minnesota, at St. Louis, on the fourth Sunday of July. The Holy Father insisted on his acceptance and the dutiful son has acquiesced. It is thought at headquarters that it is not an act of humility, but want of self-denial, to refuse a Mitre in the United States. In truth the Mitre is, here, a crown of thorns, and it is the same wherever a bishop does his duty. The Tiara forms no exception, as is well known to his Holiness.

**NEW CHURCHES IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—The plans for a new church, to be erected on the hill above the Water Works, have been accepted, and the contract for the work given to Mr. John Foley. The church will be 120 by 60—all of stone—and of Gothic style. The statement in one of the daily papers that it is to be built at the expense of the Archbishop, is, of course, unfounded. It will be built at the expense of the Catholic community, who never refuse to co-operate with the Archbishop in good works. A lot 50 by 100 feet has been already donated by a Catholic gentleman to aid in the erection of the new edifice. Another citizen has promised a lot for the same purpose. And more are expected.

The corner stone of the new church of St. Francis of Sales, in Newark, Licking county, will be blessed by Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, G. W., on the third Sunday after Pentecost. Rev. S. H. Rosecrans, D. D., will preach on the occasion.

The corner-stone of the new church of St. Mary, Lancaster, Fairfield county, will be blessed on the 15th August.

[Cincinnati Telegraph and Advocate, July 2.]  
**ORDINATIONS IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.**—The following account of ordinations in Providence, R. I., has been kindly sent us by one of our readers in that city. He says:

"A religious ceremony took place here on last Saturday, July 2—Feast of the Visitation of our Blessed Lady—which certainly must have been a source of great joy and consolation to our Catholic people. It was the ordaining of three Priests by our Right Rev. Bishop—Rev. Messrs. Francis J. Lenihan, Philip Sheridan and Philip B. Daly, all students of St. Joseph's Theological Seminary, Fordham, whose ordination as Clerics, Sub-Deacons and Deacons, by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, appeared in last week's Record. The ceremony was the more interesting from the fact that it was the first exercise of conferring Holy Orders by Bishop McFarland, since his elevation to the episcopacy. At an early hour numbers filled the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, anxious to witness the ceremonies. The hour appointed from the previous Sunday was 9 A. M., at which time precisely the procession moved from the Sanctuary and entered the Sanctuary. Mass was celebrated by the Bishop. Rev. F. Lounsbury assisting as Deacon, and Rev. John Quinn, D. D., as Sub-Deacon; Rev. T. Quinn

acting as Archpriest; Rev. H. Carmody, first Master of Ceremonies; Rev. Bernard Colt, second Master of Ceremonies; Rev. Messrs. P. Browne and W. Duffy, Deacons of Honor, with Acolytes, &c., and a number of other clergymen.

A Grand Mass, composed for the occasion, was well executed by the choir. The ceremony of conferring the Holy Order of Priesthood was proceeded with after the Epistle, which, being of so frequent occurrence in these days, even in this country, needs no description. Suffice it to say that the order and piety manifested by all on the occasion must have added much to the sublime grandeur of the ceremony itself. After giving the solemn Pontifical Blessing at the close of the ceremonies, the procession returned in the same order to the Sanctuary. With the three just ordained and three others from the Seminary of Baltimore, ordained there on Trinity Sunday, we have an accession of six to our clergy of this diocese. May the Holy Spirit which has descended upon them through the inspiration of the hands of God's High Priest direct and guide them in every act of theirs and make them fruitful in good works to the end of their lives.

Yesterday, July 3, each of the newly ordained officiated in the church of this city. Rev. Mr. Lenihan sang High Mass at the Cathedral and gave Vespers and Benediction in the evening, the Bishop preaching two most eloquent discourses in behalf of the Orphan Asylum. Rev. Mr. Sheridan at the church of the Immaculate Conception, and Rev. Mr. Daly at St. Patrick's, at each of which churches the Rev. Pastors preached.

**DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.**—On Sunday, June 5, the new church at Mechanicstown, Frederick Co., was dedicated to the service of God under the patronage of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Early in the morning crowds were seen coming by different roads toward the scene of the interesting ceremony. The Clergy and Seminarians of Mt. St. Mary's College, assembled in the large hall of the Town Academy, where a procession was formed, and passing through the main street of the village approached the new temple. The dedication was performed by Rev. J. McCaffrey, D. D., President of Mt. St. Mary's. After the ceremony the same distinguished Divine preached in the open air on the "Apostolicity of the Church." Solemn High Mass was then celebrated by Rev. H. McDermid. The assemblage during the services in and around the Church was very great for so retired a spot, the number present being estimated at nearly three thousand. The Church itself is a beautiful stone building in gothic style, and is a genuine evidence of the taste and piety of the people for whose benefit and by whose liberality it has been erected. The dimensions of the sacred edifice are sixty-five feet by thirty. Rev. John Hickey, Jr., attached to the college, is the present pastor, and officiates there every other Sunday. Although it is but a few miles from the Mountain Church, much credit is to be attributed to the liberal and useful from the increased facilities it affords for practicing their religious duties.

Baltimore Mirror, July 9.

## FOREIGN.

**DECREE AND CONFISCATION OF PROPERTY BY COUNT CAYRE, AND SANCTIONED BY LOUIS NAPOLEON, AGAINST THE JESUITS IN MODENA.**—The following decree has appeared and been published at Modena:—

The provisional commissioner of His Majesty the King of Sardinia, decrees,—1. The Society of Jesus not being authorized in the States of his Sardinian Majesty, the colleges and convents of that society in the provinces subjected to our commission are dissolved and suppressed. 2. The members of the society, who are not natives of the provinces aforesaid, must leave them within four days. 3. The property of every kind belonging to the society, movable or immovable, is sequestered."

Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel then have invaded Italy, not so much against the Emperor Francis Joseph as against God, His Church, and His Vicar. They are declaring war upon Him to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth. "Whosoever shall upon this rock be broken, and on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder."

**ARCHBISHOP LEAHY ON THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.**—We take the following from the touching and eloquent Pastoral of his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel:—"Now that Italy has become the theatre of war, the enemies of the Holy See are many of them hoping, forsooth, that the Head of the Church may be deprived of his temporal possessions, and that with them his spiritual supremacy may cease and come to an end. Vain thought, not now for the first time entertained! But what Sovereign in Europe can plead a better title to his dominions than the Holy Father can advance in behalf of his temporal sovereignty? Centuries and centuries before an ancestor of any of the kingly or imperial crowned heads of Europe wore a crown—before any of the

kingdoms rose into which Europe is now partitioned—the tiara, with its triple crown, graced the Roman pontiff's brow, and Central Italy, from the Tuscan Sea to the Adriatic, enjoyed the blessings of a high civilization under his mild and beneficent sway. Nor was his sway acquired as such way is generally acquired—by deeds of violence. No. It was when violence had laid imperial Rome in ruins that the High Priest of Christendom appeared upon the scene of desolation as an angel of peace with healing on his wings. Sent by the God of peace with the blessing of the meek upon him, he possessed the land in peace (Matt. v. 4)—that land which has been now for ages the patrimony of Peter. The princes of the earth grudging it not. Possessing the wide earth besides, and the fullness thereof, they envied not the common Father of all the possession of one small spot to subserve the uses and the necessities of the Church of God. Religion sanctified the possession, time hallowed it, the voice of Christendom confirmed it; and so the Holy Father has held and still holds the States of the Church by a title the oldest, the most sacred, the most venerable of any in Europe. May no sacrilegious hand attempt to despoil him of his ancient inheritance. Against such an attempt the history of late years holds out a portentous warning. There are those yet living who witnessed, all have read of, the remarkable career of the most celebrated conqueror in modern times, who waged great wars in his day, won mighty battles, cast down Kings and set them up at his pleasure, had all Europe subject and bleeding at his feet, and in the pride of conquest laid his hands on the patrimony and the person of Christ's Vicar. How did this mighty conqueror, whom the worlds empire could not satisfy without the small patrimony of Peter in addition—how did he close his career? He died in exile on a distant little island. He who visibly punished that sacrilege and that usurpation is ever the defence of the weak against the strong, and He will, we may devoutly hope, throw the shield of his protection over his humble unoffending Vicar, and ward off from him any future attacks of his enemies. As God from time to time permits great calamities to befall the nations of the earth in punishment of their sins, it may be that the flames of the unnatural war which has now broken out will spread and involve all Europe. If so it shall be, nevertheless we may abide the issue without any fear for the Holy Father, nay, that God will turn all to the glory of His name; for, looking to the course of His providence, particularly to the special care he has taken of the Holy See in the worst of times, we may without rashness predict that at the conclusion of the war, whenever it comes, although some who now march at the head of victorious armies may be humbled and fallen, Rome will still remain, and the States of the Church will remain, and the Successor of Peter will remain holding mild sway over both. Nay, should the worst come, should wicked men seize upon the temporal possessions of the Holy See, and reduce the Roman Pontiff to the Apostolic poverty of Peter when he said to the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, 'Silver and gold I have none' (Acts. iii. 6)—should this happen, what then? Would the spiritual supremacy of the Holy Church be thereby lost to his successors over the whole church come to an end, as some vainly imagine would be the case? No. Useful as the temporal possessions of the Church may be (and useful they undoubtedly are for the easy, peaceful, and effective administration of the affairs of the universal Church), whatever becomes of them, of one thing we are certain, with all the uncertainty of faith resting on God's own word—that the spiritual supremacy of the Roman Pontiff will last as long as the Church itself—that is, for ever. Christ, whose word is unerring, whose power is almighty, has said: 'Thou art Peter (or rock), and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell will not prevail against it' (Matt. xvi. 18), and thus His Church, triumphing over all its enemies, visible and invisible, will last to the end of time, and so must the Church's foundation as well; otherwise we should have the absurdity of a solid and lasting edifice upon a foundation that must melt away at the end of time? It is Peter. It is Peter strong in faith. It is Peter openly confessing his faith in Christ, as he did when our Blessed Lord promised to make him the foundation of His Church. It is Peter confirming his brethren, as Christ desired him to do. He said, 'And thou shalt be a rock, and thou shalt confirm thy brethren'—Luke xii. 32. It is Peter feeding the lambs of Christ's fold, and the sheep as well—that is, the whole Church, pastors and people—as Christ commissioned him to do when He said, 'Feed my lambs'—'feed my sheep'—(John xxi. 16 and 17). Build my Church, and the gates of hell will not prevail against it. How can it be the foundation of the church to the end of

time?—how confirm his brethren?—how feed the lambs and sheep? Clearly not in his own proper person, but in the person of his lawful successors the Roman Pontiffs, in whom he is living, in whom he is speaking, in whom he is still as ever the foundation of Christ's Church, still confirms his brethren, still feeds the lambs and the sheep of the sheepfold, and so the spiritual supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, Peter's successor, entering as it does into the essential constitution of the church will last with the church itself to the end. This grand doctrine of Holy Scripture, the cardinal point on which hinges the unity of the church, its perpetuity, its indefectibility, is repeated by the Holy Fathers in terms soundly different yet saying substantially the same thing. Such are the pregnant words of Ambrose, 'ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia,' 'where Peter is there the church is,'—of Jerome, who says to Pope Damasus, 'whoever gathers not with you scatters'—of others, whether in terms or equivalently designating the Roman Pontiff as the pastor of pastors, the bishop of bishops. So all antiquity says, so the Holy Scripture says, so Christ says. Come then what may—even though the hand of the spoiler tear away from the Holy Father his ancient possessions—even though his oppressors deprive him of his personality, yet as the spiritual supremacy of his spiritual supremacy will survive every vicissitude. Heaven and earth may pass away, but not one iota of His words who said, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'—(Mat. xvi. 18.)

**ORDINATIONS AT MAYNOOTH.**—On Wednesday last a large number of students received orders from His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the holy orders—Subdeaconship, Deaconship and Priesthood—were conferred by the Lord Bishop of Bombay. The following is a list of those who were so favoured:

Priests.—Rev. James Hughes, Kildare; Rev. James McDevette, Rahoe; Rev. Edward O'Brien, Derry; Rev. Thomas McDonald, Waterford; Rev. Michael McGrath, Killoree; Rev. William Joyce, Tuam; Rev. Calaghan Scully, Kerry; Rev. John Hanly, Cashel; Rev. Daniel Monaghan, Meath; Rev. Michael Gray, Meath; Rev. Terence Brennan, Kilmore; Rev. Cornelius Flavin, Waterford; Rev. Philip Ryan, Cashel; Rev. John McGrath, Cashel; Rev. John O'Connor, Cashel; Rev. Maurice Power, Cashel; Rev. William Power, Cashel; Rev. William O'Connor, Cashel; Rev. Patrick Flynn, Waterford; Rev. Patrick McDevette, Raphoe; Rev. Patrick Conway, Killaue; Rev. Thomas Davis, Kerry; Rev. Thomas Rice, Cloyne; Rev. Edward Coleman, Cloyne; Rev. James O'Reilly, Ardagh; Rev. Thomas Walsh, Tuam; Rev. Patrick Boyle, Derry; Rev. Michael O'Riordan, Cloyne; Rev. John Smyth, Ardagh; Rev. Phillip Traynor, Kilmore; Rev. James Canavan, Down; Rev. Charles Quinn, Armagh.

Deacons.—Rev. James Ronague, Tuam; Rev. Thomas Murphy, Armagh; Rev. John Mulqueen, Limerick; Rev. John O'Brien, Elphin; Rev. Thomas Martin, Meath; Rev. Richard Kelly, Ferns; Rev. James Cleary, Ferns; Rev. Thomas O'Keefe, Kilmore; Rev. Michael O'Keefe, Killaue; Rev. John Kingston, Killaue; Rev. Patrick McCullagh, Clogher; Rev. John Coghlan, Cork; Rev. Edmund Barry, Clons; Rev. Timothy Goulding, Cloyne; Rev. Matthew Donovan, Ross; Rev. Robert Murphy, Armagh; Rev. Hugh O'Rourke, Tuam; Rev. James Hegarty, Cork; Rev. Francis McCormack, Tuam; Rev. Michael Crooke, Clogher; Rev. Bernard McDermott, Elphin; Rev. Thomas Palmer, Cork.

Subdeacon.—Hugh Farrelly, Meath; Thos. McRedmond, Killaue; Bernard Finnegan, Kilmore; Patrick Daly, Raphoe; John Naughten, Limerick; Henry Hewson, Killaue; Thomas Kelly, Ossory; John Melvin, Killaue; William Hely, Cloyne; Jas O'Doherty, Derry; William Brady, Ardagh; James Vaughn, Killaue; Edward Nolan, Ossory; Peter Kelly, Meath; John Doherty, Derry; W. Aberne, Cloyne; James Barry, Ferns; Nicholas Hoare, Ferns; James O'Doherty, Derry; James Kearney, Kerry; Michael Fitzsimons, Meath.

**NEW CHURCH OF ST. PATRICK, CULBRIDGE.**—The solemn blessing and dedication of this new edifice to its holy purpose as a temple of Catholic worship took place on Sunday. Something more than two years ago the first stone of this beautiful church was laid by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by numerous dignitaries and clergy, and in the presence of a crowded and influential assemblage. On Sunday last a similar assemblage, only still more crowded and influential, coming to the little town of Culbridge from all directions, beheld with astonishment and delight a stately temple, beautiful in its aspect and tasteful in its architectural proportions, occupying the spacious site and dreary. In the absence of His Grace the Archbishop, who, we regret to state, was unable to attend from illness, Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, officiated as prelate celebrant. The Right Rev. Dr. McNally, Bishop of Clogher, and the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Bombay, were also present.

The ceremonies commenced shortly after 12







## SPECIAL NOTICES.

## GREAT REDUCTION!

In consequence of the cold weather in June we have set out an immense stock of Summer Clothing on hand, which we are determined not to carry over, and have therefore concluded to make a great reduction of price on Summer Stock.

As every garment is marked at the lowest selling figures, the purchaser will be enabled to see the reduction made on these goods.

This will afford a great opportunity for every one to supply themselves from a very large stock of fashionable Summer Clothing at extremely low prices.

The same reduction is made on our large stock of Boys and Children's Clothing.

The warm season is only beginning.

D. DEVLIN & CO.,

325, 327 and 330 Broadway.

**PROCLAMATION BY THE MAYOR.**—Whereas, Mrs. FANNIE DEANE HALSEY, a resident of this city, left her home on the first day of June, and her dead body was found on the fifth day of June last, in the water near Bay Ridge, in Kings county; and whereas, circumstances connected with the disappearance and death of Mrs. Halsey warrant the suspicion that she was murdered; Now, therefore, I, Daniel F. Tiemann, Mayor of the City of New York, by the authority vested in me, do hereby offer a reward of Five Hundred Dollars for the apprehension and conviction of the murderer or murderers of the said Fannie Deane Halsey.

The above reward will be paid on the certificate of the District Attorney that the arrest and conviction were secured by the aid of the said reward.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal at the City Hall of the City of New York, on the ninth day of June, A. D. 1899.

1916 21 DANIEL F. TIEMANN, Mayor.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**HIGH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN.**—German Catholic School-house of the Most Holy Redeemer, 544 and 546 Fourth Street, New York.

The classes will open and the institution will commence its second year on the first Monday in September. Branches of instruction: English, German, French, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Book-keeping, Drawing, etc.

For further particulars, apply to Rev. Father Holmpecht, Director of the Academy and Rector of the Convent of the Most Holy Redeemer, 133 Third Street, or to P. Lux, Principal of the Institution, 524 Fourth Street, New York.

**HECKER'S FARINA IS THE HIGH.**—It is a pure preparation from wheat without the admixture of any other grain, and hence is available in the summer season. Extensively used at the Astor House, St. Nicholas, Metropolitan, and other first class Hotels in the city, it is rapidly becoming an indispensable dish on all good tables.

Manufactured and sold at the Groton Mills, 501, Cherry Street, New York. A liberal discount to dealers.

HECKER & BROTHER.

For sale generally by grocers and druggists.

**THOMAS SMITH,**

No. 8 THIRD AVENUE,

(opposite Cooper Institute.)

Manufacturer of

Hair, Moss, Hask and Grass

STRAW PALMASES,

Cottages and Fancy IRON BEDSTEADS.

The best quality of the above articles on hand.

Hotels, Steamboats and the Shipping in general

furnished with care and despatch.

N. B.—Mattresses \$39 6m

**PRACTISE WITH SCIENCE.**—WILLIAM BRETHERTON, No. 139 Franklin street,

between Hudson and Varick streets, New York, twenty

years practical Veterinary Surgeon, Member of the Royal

Institution of England.

TO THE PUBLIC.

CITY INSPECTOR'S DEPARTMENT.

New York, June 17, 1899.

The undersigned having entered upon and assumed the

performance of the duties of the office of the City of

Inspector, and fully realizing that among those du-

ties none at the present season of the year require

more or more pressing attention, than the work of

keeping the streets of our city in a healthy and cleanly

condition, deems it to be his duty to call the attention

of the public to the necessity of at once putting an end to

the following daily violations of the laws and ordinances:

1. The throwing of ashes, garbage, and filth upon the

streets.

2. The habit of merchants and dealers in permitting

slavings, straw, and other substances used in packing,

to be cast upon the streets or placed upon the sidewalk,

from whence it is soon scattered over the street, (it is

the duty of persons to have the same immediately re-

moved, at their own expense.)

3. The daily sweepings from the stores and shops are

swept into the streets or gutters, instead of being placed

in some receptacle to be taken away by the ash cartman,

from whence it is soon scattered over the street, (it is

the duty of persons to have the same immediately re-

moved, at their own expense.)

4. The placing on the streets of the cleanings of the

fireman, yards and cellars, and the rubbish and other ma-

terial from the repairing of buildings.

5. The throwing into the streets and gutters noxious,

insulting, offensive liquids and substances of every kind.

The commission of any of the above acts is not only a

direct violation of the laws and ordinances, subjecting

the offender to arrest and imprisonment, but it

greatly impedes and retards the keeping of clean streets,

rendering such work difficult of successful operation.

While largely increasing the cost of the city.

Every effort on the part of the undersigned shall and

will continue to be made, to have our streets kept in a

cleanly and healthy condition, and to encourage and

confidently hope and look for the co-operation and assistance

of all classes of citizens in putting an end to the vi-

olations above complained of. With your aid and as-

istance the task will be easily accomplished. Shall I

have it?

A copy of the several ordinances referred to will be at

each dwelling-house and place of business.

For a full and complete list of the several

wards daily, sundays excepted, to collect sales, garbage,

&c., and the undersigned desires that every neglect or

violation on the part of any individual or corporation

be complained of to the Superintendent of Sanitary In-

spection, at his office, corner of Grand and Essex streets,

and it shall be promptly remedied.

Notice of the approach of the ash and garbage carts

will be given by ringing a bell.

Very respectfully,

1916 21 DANIEL F. TIEMANN, City Inspector.

**HAFERTY & MCGUGH,**

**CORK**

Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, wholesale and

retail, No. 7 Fulton street, one door east of

1916 21

## DRY GOODS.

**R. H. M. A. C. Y.**  
Stores No. 304 and 206 Sixth Avenue, one door below Fourteenth street.

ATTENTION, LADIES! We call the attention of the ladies of New York city, and its surroundings, to our GREAT CLOSING SALE, commencing TUESDAY, July 4, and continuing through the month.

Many of our customers are now sojourning at the different watering places and fashionable summer resorts, and none know better than they that our goods are at the prices we represent, and many of them know, from experience, that we will fill their orders with as much care as though present themselves. To those we would say, send on your orders, and they shall command our immediate attention.

**HOSIERY, GLOVES AND MITTS.**

This article is just what every man, woman and child must have at this season of the year.

R. H. M. A. C. Y. is just the place to get them.

1,000 doz. Ladies' Bro. and White Cotton Hosiery, 12 cts.; old price, 15 cts.

1,000 doz. do. do., regular make, 20c., now 15c.

1,000 doz. do. do. do. do. 25c., now 20c.

1,000 doz. do. do. do. do. 30c., now 25c.

1,000 doz. do. do. do. do. 35c., now 30c.

2,000 dozen Brown and White Cotton Half Hose, all sizes, Selling at reduced prices to close them out.

**CHILDREN'S HOSIERY.**

In regular make, in English and German; every size to suit from one day old up.

OUR LADIES' Kid Gloves will remain through this GREAT SALE at our old price of 68 cents a pair; and they cannot be obtained in this city as to quality and price.

**GAUNTLET Lisle GLOVES!**

**GAUNTLET Lisle GLOVES!**

**CHILDREN'S SILK AND Lisle GLOVES!**

**ALL MARKED DOWN!**

**MITTS, MITTS, SILK MITTS, MITTS.**

300 pairs Ladies' Silk Mitts, marked down from 50 cts. to 25 cts. a pair.

500 doz. do. do. do. do. do. \$2.50 to 1.50.

1,000 doz. do. do. do. do. do. 1.50 to 1.00.

800 doz. do. do. do. do. do. 1.00 to 75 cts.

400 doz. do. do. do. do. do. 75 to 50 cts.

150 doz. do. do. do. do. do. 50 to 25 cts.

Ladies, we ask particular attention to our large stock of Mitts, they are handsomely embroidered, and sold cheap.

Linen Handkerchiefs, &c., marked down to (SELL).

They must go, and will never have any more.

**LADIES' LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.**

**THIS IS THE LARGEST**

**SALE OF**

**LINEN**

**CAMBRIC**

**HANDKERCHIEFS**

that the ladies of New York and surrounding cities and towns ever had of.

**6,000 dozen Ladies' Hem-Stitched Handkerchiefs, at 12 1-2 cts., former price 15 cts.**

1,000 doz. do. do. do. do. do. 12c., old price 25c.

1,500 doz. do. do. do. do. do. 25c., old price 35c.

500 doz. do. do. do. do. do. 31 and 32c., old price 35c.

100 doz. do. do. do. do. do. 35c., old price 50c.

**LADIES' FINE EMBROIDERED LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.**

**POINTE APPLIQUE LACE, TURNED, &c.,**

**MARKED WAY DOWN.**

**EMBROIDERIES.**

We have marked all our

**COLLARS, SLEEVES, BANDS,**

**INSERTINGS, EDGINGS,**

all our Embroideries down 25 per cent, to close them clean during the GREAT SALE.

**TUCKED SKIRTS,** made expressly for our retail trade, marked down to

**HOOPIE SKIRTS.** None but the best (made for our store). We shall sell at such prices that every lady can afford to wear one (or two, if she likes).

**CORSETS.** Must be sold. Please examine them.

1,000 pairs best French Corsets, \$1 a pair.

800 Ladies' Night Dresses, \$1 25. Cheap.

100 Ladies' Night Dresses, \$1 50, \$2, \$3, \$3 25, \$5 50 and \$4.

**LACES OVER MANTILLAS,** 36 inches wide. Real Pusher, varying from 3 INCHES in width to 36 inches!

We have the Best Assortment of any Retail House in this city; they vary in price, from 16 cents to \$5 00 a yard. Look at our French and English Pusher Laces before buying elsewhere! We can save you money!!!

**ENGLISH AND FRENCH LACE CENTERS.**

**LACE MANTILLAS.**

French Lace Points, from \$1 50 to \$5.

150 French Lace Points, from \$5 to \$30.

**BEST QUALITY English Pusher Lace Mantillas, from \$15 to \$60, former price \$20 to \$50.**

**ALL OUR MANTILLAS**

**NANTILLA LACES**

**MARKED**

**DOWN TO CLOSE.**

Largest and Best Stock Laces to be found in the States, PLAIN and FIGURED NET LACES,

selling at just our cost.

**BLACK THREAD Laces and Edgings.**

**BLACK GUILFEE Laces and Edgings.**

White Guipure and English Thread Edgings.

Real Valenciennes Laces and Edgings.

**BLACK THREAD VEILS.**

**BARBS AND COIFFURES.**

**THREAD Crowns in Black and White.**

**REAL Silk Edgings in Black and White, (hand make.)**

**THIRD COLLARS, Point Lace Collars.**

**THIRD COLLARS, a full stock.**

**ATTENTION!**

**FLOWERS, Real French, manufactured in Paris.**

We have a splendid variety of rich and beautiful colors.

Also a large stock of

**FLOWER MATERIALS.**

Trimming Ribbons, Bash Ribbons, Plain Satin and Zaf-  
sta Ribbons.

OUR HAT and BASH RIBBONS are perfectly magnifi-  
cent as to Quality and Styles.

MUCH CARE has been taken by our Buyer to select the CHOICE and FASHIONABLE COLORS, such as PURPLES, LILACS, all shades of MAIZE, BROWNS, GREENS, MAZZARINE BLUES, &c.

ONLY 10c. CENTS. Tard for GOOD RIBBONS.

**DRESS TRIMMINGS.**

**MARKED DOWN TO CLOSE THEM OUT!**

**FRINGES and TRIMMINGS**

In every Color and desirable Styles.

**BUGLE NETS for Ladies and Children.**

The nets are all New Designs and Very Handsome.

**VELVET RIBBONS in Black and Colors, in Every**

**width and of Superior Quality.**

500 PS. Swiss Muslin, 15 cts. a yard, former price, 20

500 " " " 30 " " " 25

500 " " " 35 " " " 31

500 " " " 40 " " " 37

500 " " " 45 " " " 43

500 " " " 50 " " " 49

500 PS. Book Muslin, 15 " " " 20

500 " " " 30 " " " 25

500 " " " 35 " " " 31

500 " " " 40 " " " 37

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